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EDITED BY PETER HUGH REED

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The American Music Lover

A Monthly Review of Phonograph Records, Radio and Music

May
1938

Volume IV, No. 1.

Inserts: Prominent Musical Personalities — Past and Present
No. 4—ARTURO TOSCANINI No. 5—MARIO ANCONA

(These pictures are for framing at the wish of the reader. They should be cut apart with a sharp knife.)

EDITORIAL NOTES

WE are pleased to be able to present this month an autographed picture of Arturo Toscanini. This informal portrait was taken recently in Salzburg, when the Maestro was happily at leisure.

* * * *

The death of Chaliapin removes another great interpreter. The noted Russian basso was expected in America this past season, where he was to have sung with several of our opera companies, beginning with the St. Louis one, and also to give a series of concerts. The illness which brought about his death, however, prevented him from making a valedictory tour of this country.

Chaliapin, in the past few years, has been kept busy in the recording studios. A series of Russian folk songs, among other selections, were made by the singer. It is to be hoped that RCA-Victor will release some of these in the near future.

Perhaps it would be well, now that the singer is no longer with us, for Victor to re-issue a group of his recordings in an album in the form of a concert. Since Chaliapin's managers in this country have issued in the past a booklet of translations of the bulk of the singer's repertoire, arrangements might be made to include these with his records and thereby make their enjoyment that much greater. If any of our readers agree with us we hope they will drop us a card to that effect so that we can recommend the idea to the company.

(Kindly turn to Page 36)

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Why Music is the Greatest of the Arts*

By CARLETON SPRAGUE SMITH

I QUITE realize that such a title is open to a great deal of criticism and that the implied generalization, like all others, is false. On the other hand, music has a peculiar place in the arts and its importance is often overlooked. We frequently take music for granted without considering what an extraordinary manifestation it is. The points which I should like to make are as follows: First, music is the simplest of all the arts as well as perhaps the most complex. A peasant sings as he walks through the fields; he gives thanks for his crops; praises his Maker — or chants for a good harvest. This is pure melody and as old a means of artistic expression as we have. Out of such simple beginnings, music has developed so that Grand Opera today sometimes requires hundreds of performers: players of instruments, soloists, a chorus, conductor, etc. The orchestra of Richard Strauss is both complex and elaborate while the compositions of Stravinsky sometimes present real difficulties to the auditor; — such pieces are at the other end of the spectrum, so to speak, from simple melody.

Music The Oldest of Arts

The contrast between simple and complex music is obvious. We now arrive at a second conclusion: that music is the oldest as well as the youngest of all the arts. As soon as man could talk he used his voice to shout and halloo, so that he could be heard with distinctness at a distance. It was not long before musical signals became a common practice, and once the use of the singing voice was discovered, vocal music had arrived. It is safe to say that man had music before he began to build houses, while he was still living in caves and hollow trees, before he had sculptured idols or painted head-dresses. But

music did not develop as quickly as the other arts. Music had melody and rhythm, to be sure, at the outset — but then it continued for thousands of years with very little fundamental change. In the meantime painting, sculpture, architecture and the other arts, such as basketmaking, weaving and pottery made great strides. Indeed it was not until about the year 1000 that polyphony developed and music began to flower. A millennium before that the Pyramids, the Greek temples and the Roman aqueducts, had reached the culmination point. Praxiteles, Appelles and others had created masterpieces, but music had remained, by and large, in the folk-art stage. Since part-writing is a development of the past nine hundred years, art music may be definitely termed the youngest of all arts.

The Most Functional Art

The third reason for the greatness of music is that it is perhaps the most functional of the arts. From the earliest times, music has been used (frequently assisted by its sister art the dance) for ritualistic purposes. It has been intimately connected with all world religions. Its martial measures are inevitably bound up with war. It has been an integral part of weddings, funerals and other festivities; and whenever humans have gathered together music has been an essential part of the program.

But whereas music is used for great multitudes, it is also the most personal of the arts. Every time that a composition is played, it is re-created; no two performances are ever exactly alike. In this respect music is a good deal like a flower. The bloom of the rose bush is always a rose, but each bud has distinct individuality. A Chopin nocturne is always the same nocturne, but no two pianists ever treat it exactly the same way, nor even one pianist twice alike. The symphony orchestra, the band, the chorus — take what you will — each plays differently every time.

*This article is a revision of a lecture recently broadcast by Dr. Smith, who is Chief of the Music Division of the New York Public Library, over Station WQXR in New York, as part of the Federal Theatre series of broadcasts known as *Exploring the Arts and Sciences*.

The personal equation is always in evidence.

Music is an art in time as well as in space. Architecture exists in space and has dimension but it does not begin and end, or elapse as a piece of music does. Indeed, architecture has been called frozen music. Once erected, however, the building is there to stay or fall down and there is nothing plastic or mobile about it; so while music has color, line and depth, it also has elapsed time, which distinguishes it from the static arts. As far as space is concerned, music also travels in sound waves in all directions and goes at a certain rate of speed. It is the most moving art in more than one sense.

Music, therefore, is not an art which must be looked at from the front, like painting. Just as architecture and sculpture can be seen from any side, so music can be heard from any direction. But it has the ability to attain volume also, enabling it to reach greater numbers at one time than any of the other arts. Volume in this sense is found only in music. Small details can also be taken in by thousands of auditors. For instance, a person standing in a crowd before Saint Peter's at Rome cannot distinguish the details of a particular statue on Bernini's great Colonnade. The piccolo part, however, in an orchestral composition played at one of our modern stadiums is clear to everyone.

Music's emotional value is more universal than that of any monument or painting. Luther's *A mighty fortress is our God* has moved millions. The number of people swayed by the *Marseillaise* is tremendous. Music is the art which most quickly reaches human emotions.

The Most Social Art

Music is also the most social of the arts. It brings people together in a pleasurable spirit; it requires less preparation than the theatre. The amateur actor can gather with his friends of an evening and read over Shakespeare in costume, but the results will not be comparable to a group of amateur musicians playing over a Haydn symphony or a Beethoven string quartet. A group of painters can go to an atelier to draw a model but their work is individual not communal. Performing musicians must work together to complete a musical piece. Moreover their numbers are not limited to four as is the case with participants in a bridge game. Indeed, some of our choruses and bands have several hundred performers. Thomas Morley said of music as a social accomplishment:

"Supper being ended, and Musicke bookes (according to the custom) being brought to

the table; the Mistresse of the house presented me with a part, earnestly requesting me to sing; but when, after many excuses, I protested unfainedly that I could not, every one began to wonder. Yea, some whispered to others, demanding how I was brought up."

A More Spiritual Art

For the creative artist music offers a field which is still not completely explored. An entire science of sound lies before the composer. The whole orchestra of musical instruments, human voices and electrical devices is at his disposal, and the entire range of human emotions is there for him to express. Music can depict feelings, emotions, longings and inspirations in an articulate way without the handicaps which beset the other arts. It is more spiritual and ethereal than its sisters, less tangible, more pathetic and dreamy. Music can pass from the concrete to the abstract; it is the perfect modulating art. It can delve into our souls as nothing else can. These possibilities have enabled such great figures as Bach, Beethoven and Brahms to write immortal masterpieces as great as any works of literature, painting, pieces of sculpture or architectural monuments we know. And every time one of the great musical masterpieces is performed, it is taken out of the library, almost as a magic carpet might be taken out of a chest and shaken before one's eyes, whereupon a flow of magnificent music is unfurled. Music has continuity and contrast, it is tender, pathetic, strong, but never hard, like a rock. Great buildings always have something cold about them. Architecture is frozen music, as has been said. When we look at a painting or a piece of sculpture, we feel that the artist who has been at the work has produced a masterpiece, but that he no longer creates the composition. Human energy is used every time that a musical composition unfolds, so that there is a personal quality; a sense of flesh and blood, or warmth and directness and personal contact with each piece. It is recreated before us. No other art, unless we look at it while it is in the process of formation, has this. The equivalent in architecture would be to watch men working on a scaffold, but whereas it takes months for such an artistic enterprise to unfold, in music one composition seldom takes more than an evening.

Perhaps the most significant reason for calling music the greatest of all the arts is the discovery of polyphony. This discovery is a peculiarly European one and it differentiates European music from that of other

countries. The discovery of part-writing in the Middle Ages was as remarkable an artistic achievement as the discovery of the arch or barrel vault in architecture. Through polyphony the communal sense of man's development was made possible. Harmony sprang up. Counterpoint developed, and then the great art of music came into its own.

Music was nearly always functional until the end of the 18th century; then the abstract quality of music — the individual sense which Jean Jacques Rousseau discovered in philosophy — blossomed. The string quartet then achieved its climax in the hands of Beethoven. Here, perhaps, music reached the ultimate. At any rate, the European Soul (the Faustian Man as he has been called) came nearer to the sublime than ever before. In support of my point of view, I quote a

sentence from Oswald Spengler's *Decline of the West*: "In chamber music, Western art as a whole reaches its highest point."

One last point regarding music, which has now entered a new phase owing to electricity. The phonograph now records the beauties of a musical performance as a butterfly is caught and mounted, but the phonograph is vastly superior to the lepidopterist's feat and much more fluid and mobile than any ordinary animal taxidermy. The record lives the music with us.

Can anyone doubt that music, which is used so much in radio for advertising, and is connected with our churches, political campaigns and parades, is the greatest of all arts? If anyone does, perhaps this article at any rate may lead to controversy.

Beethoven's Opus 59 Quartets

By PETER HUGH REED

OF all the string quartets of Beethoven the three that comprise Opus 59, dedicated to Count Rasoumowsky, are the most universally liked and appreciated. This is not to say that they are the greatest of his quartets, although they can be ranked among his great achievements in the form. That they have evoked, and may well continue to evoke, wide appreciation does not say that they are supreme among Beethoven's quartets. Musically, they are great enough in their own inspirational content to claim enduring approbation, no matter how many times they are heard in performance. Beethoven's supremacy as a composer of string quartets is due, however, to his later works; those works which even though they incite tremendous admiration upon a first hearing require many and constant rehearsals before full appreciation is attained. There are among the most musical of us, and there have been ever since Beethoven's death, some who feel that ultimate appreciation of such works as the *C sharp minor* and *A minor* quartets has never been reached, that a lifetime spent in the absorption of this music, or that close

study and association with them, can never fully reveal the implications behind the great complication of their texture. By constant association with these quartets in splendidly fashioned performances (which the modern phonograph provides), we come perhaps to understand their form, if not wholly at least in part, and by so doing are led closer to the heart of the music. But the well of Beethoven's inspiration was deep, and in his later works he went beyond the depth of most human comprehension. In the Opus 59 quartets the composer soars high but remains well within the limits of mortal understanding, and so it is well to know these works before we seek to penetrate the later ones.

Opus 59 belongs to Beethoven's middle period; that period which found him advanced well beyond the journeyman stage of his career. In the music of his second period Beethoven contributed much to our well-being because the production of this music contributed so much to his own well-being. Turn to the *Fourth Symphony*, which followed the Opus 59 quartets, the *Fourth Piano Concerto*, which preceded them, the *Violin Concerto*,

Count Andreas Kyrill
Rasoumowsky

Opus 61, and the *Waldstein* and *Appassionata* Sonatas, *Opus 53* and *Opus 57*. Most of this music, as well as the quartets in question, is free of disappointment and melancholy; its motivating force is inner elation, psychic liberation from worldly sorrows and disasters and even momentary misgivings. In this period we find, as Neville d'Esterre, the English writer, has said, "the poetry is that of young manhood, still ascending to the peak of life; poetry which is heroic and romantic — the voice of a glowing idealism, which is none the less glorious for being unattainable within the compass of human strength. The method is employed subconsciously, as analysis shows. It has become a free faculty; and so the expression is also free. Such a wealth of material is exhibited as music has never known, and such a freedom of treatment as no composer has dared to attempt. Unprecedented is the craftsmanship, no less than the spirit." The words are applied to the music of his second period in general — from early in 1804 to late in 1809 — but they apply so perfectly to the quartets in question that one wants to quote them in relation to these quartets alone.

Beethoven's Development

From his thirtieth year onward Beethoven reached out in his development along three main lines. The late Paul Bekker states these lines comprise the development of the sonata form into the fantasia-sonata, symphonic style for orchestral work, and "a highly abstract and philosophical type of chamber music," of which the Rasoumowsky quartets were but the beginning. In these works, Bekker feels Beethoven disclosed his development along all three lines, and he calls these quartets the "three symphonic concerto quartets."

The symphonic proportions of these quartets have often been the source of comment and discussion among musicians. There are some, among whom the writer may be numbered, who feel that these quartets would make magnificent symphonies, if re-scored. The purist no doubt will decry this observation as sacrilege, but the modern transcriber does not seem to heed that cry; and since we have been given a number of transcriptions which have proven highly interesting in their new vestiture, among which we count Weingartner's orchestration of the *Hammerklavier Sonata* and Toscanini's performance of two movements from the *Opus 135 Quartet* played by the full body of the orchestral strings, we feel that a similar venture with one of the Rasoumowsky quartets, preferably the *C major*, might also be highly interesting, even though it proved highly controversial.



In his *Opus 59* trio Beethoven asserted not only his independence but the supreme originality of his genius. They marked a new era in the literature of the form, and became a basis for many similar future creations. They are, according to Bekker, the "embodiment of a single poetic idea," varied in the presentation. In them, he contends, Beethoven is the victor rather than the philosopher. Triumph is the underlying motive here, as in the *Third*, the *Fourth* and the *Fifth Symphonies*. Triumph of spirit over the disappointing and heart-rending vicissitudes of life. And yet, these quartets are not revolutionary. Indeed, neither they nor the later quartets should be considered revolutionary. Beethoven, as the astute scholar Sir Donald Tovey has said, was not revolutionary but "evolutionary." Life was emotional, dramatic, complex, and expostulatory with him, but it was also ethereal, spiritual and intellectual. He evolved a pantheistic creed because in Nature he felt an idealism, a sense of things greater, purer and more visionary than he found in human contact. And yet the outer manifestation of universal forces as he saw them was not any greater or more compelling than the beauty in his poet's soul. It only served to stimulate the natural well-springs of his being.

The creation of the *Opus 59* trinity was accomplished between May, 1806 and Feb-

ruary, 1807. It came six years after the composer's first quartets, the sextet of Opus 18. No longer content to arrange a set of works that would merely contrast each other agreeably, he set out here to advance the quartet both in style and expression. The intervening years had been full, and Beethoven's genius had grown remarkably in stature. The mighty *Eroica*, the *Leonore Overtures*, the superb *Appassionata* and the great, but uneven, *Kreutzer Sonata* had been written. And most of the long, exacting work on his unsuccessful and only opera, *Fidelio*, which he rightfully termed his "crown of martyrdom," had been accomplished. *Fidelio* taught Beethoven much, which is probably one of the reasons that he loved it so dearly to the end of his life.

One Way to Immortalize A Name

What auspicious chance prompted Count Andreas Kyrill Rasoumowsky, the Russian Ambassador to Austria, to commission Beethoven to write three quartets history does not specifically record. The commission, like Brandenburg's in connection with the Bach concertos, rendered the Count's name immortal, a result he could hardly have foreseen. The Count was a noble patron of the arts, a capable musician who played second violin in his own quartet. Related by marriage to the family of Beethoven's patron, Prince Lichnowsky, he undoubtedly established his contact with the composer this way. The Count, whose father came, like Beethoven, from "the people," had a high regard for the composer, and accordingly when Beethoven broke with Lichnowsky in the Fall of 1806, the Count took over the former's string quartet for his own and allowed Beethoven to control it to a large extent. Czerny states that Beethoven "pledged himself to weave a Russian melody in each of the quartets." But Beethoven's treatment of these folk-tunes was so completely his own that in one case, the slow movement of the *C major Quartet*, the Russian provenance of the tune has been disputed despite its Slavonic characteristics.

The *F major Quartet*, Opus 59, No. 1, was begun on May 26, 1806. Here, for the first time, Beethoven writes all four movements in the sonata-form, thus technically advancing his style and proving at the same time his new and extraordinary abilities in handling the classical form. Bekker states that this quartet "moves, emotionally, from a quiet consciousness of power to a fantastic and excited display of activity, thence to sorrowful complaints and, finally, to a sense of vigorous well-being." It has been suggested that Bee-

thoven started this quartet "as a means of escape from his chagrin" over his brother Karl's marriage to a woman of whom the master did not approve. The sadly expressive and sublimely beautiful slow movement has been termed an "epitaph" on Karl's marriage, because after the sketches for this *Adagio* Beethoven wrote "A weeping willow or acacia tree over the grave of my brother." The idea of this inscription being an epitaph, however, seems somewhat far-fetched. Despite the genuineness of Beethoven's sorrow over his brother's marriage, (one suspects it was more chagrin than sorrow), and the line in his sketch book, it is improbable that the inner motivation of this movement owed its origin to this fact. It is more likely that that line was prompted by irony.

The anguish of a suffering heart is heard in this *Adagio*, and that anguish sounds a deep and introspective note. And yet, who knows, stranger and simpler events than a brother's marriage have stirred a poet's soul, and touched off the creative spark. It is not always the momentary anguish which prompts the full creation, but the accumulated store of others buried underneath. As one writer has said, no event and its expression in music need be simultaneous.

The first of the Russian tunes is found in the finale of the *F major Quartet*. The slow movement is linked to the last by a long cadenza for the solo violin, a masterful touch, providing an effective fade-out from one mood to another. The Russian theme is stated by the cello at the beginning, but its character is soon altered by the composer's treatment of it. There are few instances in Beethoven's music where borrowed material is used, but where those instances occur, Beethoven has generally altered that material considerably and stamped his own personality on it by the time he has written a dozen bars. It occurs here, where we hear his Russian theme undergo a quick course of denationalization.

The E Minor Quartet

The *E minor Quartet*, Opus 59, No. 2, is more subjective than the *F major*. There is an underlying note of pathos, and an aura of mystery or otherworldliness hovers over the first two movements. The slow movement owns noble serenity and mystical beauty. Czerny's comment on the source of its inspiration is accepted as factual. He states that Beethoven conceived this movement one evening "as he gazed at the starry heavens and thought about the music of the spheres." The majesty and wide sweep of the firma-

ment are reflected in the music. Beethoven's love of Nature, of its wider manifestations, stirs him deeply and unforgettably in this superb *Molto adagio*. Robert Haven Schauffler in his book on Beethoven says: "The skyey luminosities of this movement take one back in thought to the man whom Beethoven revered as 'the first parent of music,' Johann Sebastian Bach." Schauffler is of the opinion that Beethoven conceived this movement on the musical anagram of B-A-C-H. It will be remembered that "B" in German is our B-flat and our B natural is "H". At the beginning of the development section of the movement, bar 63 in the score, Schauffler points out that the musical anagram exists in actual notational spelling, and that at the opening of the first subject, the same motto is to be found in another notation. Schauffler tells us he discovered in the Prussian State Library, "in a manuscript volume of Beethoven's miscellaneous chamber music sketches," this same anagram standing by itself. In the light of this, and the fact that Beethoven projected an overture on this theme, and as Schauffler further says, "also planned to use it in his Tenth Symphony," this supposition we feel should not be dismissed as baseless.

A Great Scherzo

The Scherzo, marked simply *Allegretto*, is considered one of the first examples of Beethoven's great scherzi. The character of the main part of this movement is restless. The Russian theme, upon which the middle section of the movement is based, hardly alleviates the restless character of the music. Beethoven gives it in turn to all the instruments, and succeeds by his treatment in denationalizing it. This theme is the same one that Moussorgsky used in the great chorus in the first act of *Boris Godounow*.

The *C major Quartet*, Op. 59, No. 3, is a fine example of the spiritually unshackled Beethoven. He is less concerned here with the complexities of life, than he was in the other two quartets. While he has yet "to reach that state of illumination — represented in his *Eighth Symphony* — when he could smile on calamity and observe life's comedy with great-hearted gaiety" (Becker), Beethoven's power is seemingly unhampered, unrestricted by foreboding thoughts, physical torments or spiritual uncertainties. His elation manifests itself immediately with the opening of the *Allegro vivace*, continues in the benevolent *Andante*, in the *Menuetto* — so aptly marked *grazioso* — where the smile of the Titan is undeniably marked, as perhaps he lifts his face to the

sun; and rises to solar heights in the closing fugue. For in the finale his joy of life is manifested by a spontaneity unmatched elsewhere in the three works, and his grasp on life and the realization of his powers is effectual and certain.

The short mysterious opening of the first movement, which bears no distinct relation or significance to the movement as a whole, has been called a bridge between the *E minor* and *C major Quartets*. The strength and clarity of the *allegro* which follows are as bracing and as cheering as the wind and sunlight on an early Spring day.

A Controversial Russian Theme

Although the *Andante con moto* is not marked of Russian origin, there are those who contend that the song phrase upon which the movement is based was an old Russian folk-tune that Beethoven naturalized into one of his own. If this is true, then Beethoven did keep his word to Count Rasoumowsky, for did he not say he would "weave" a melody of Russian origin into each of the three works, and would not a melody be altered in the weaving? Apparently the Count was fully satisfied, for history does not register any protest of his.

The *C major Quartet*, because it is less concerned with complexities than its two companions, has always seemed to us the ideal introduction for the novice to Opus 59. For, once he has caught the unhampered spirit, the sun-clear beauty, and the elation of this work, he will pass onward, or backward if you wish, better equipped to comprehend the *E minor* and *F major Quartets*, which are founded on continual conflict and opposition. Afterwards, in the return journey, the closing fugue of the *C major*, one of the most imposing movements in all of Beethoven's quartets, will undeniably gain in significance and become more impressive in its fervor and its magnitude. Its fitness as the perfect peroration to three consummate works will then more fully attest itself.

* * * *

There are numerous recordings of the Rasoumowsky quartets: four each of the first and second, and three of the third quartet. The last recording of the *F major Quartet* was made by the Roth String Quartet (Columbia set 256). This has been widely acclaimed as the best version on records. Certainly the reproduction is preferable to that in the Budapest String Quartet's performance (which was issued on HMV records about seven or eight years ago — now withdrawn) and also to that in the Lener set,

which dates from the Beethoven Centennial of 1927. There is another set of the *F major*, made all of five or six years ago, by the Capet String Quartet (issued by French Columbia), but this performance is no more desirable than any of the other Capet ones. The Roths play this work with fine incisiveness, as we have said elsewhere, and with appropriate vigor. Their shaping of the slow movement might have been more revelatory, but the intelligence and sensibility of their musicianship is not to be denied.

Of the three recordings of the *E minor Quartet*, one stands head and shoulders above the other two — the performance by the Budapest String Quartet (Victor set M-340). They read this work with insinuating grace and true devotion. The exquisite shading, the aura of mystery, the wistful humor, and the final triumphant elation of the music, are set forth with consummate artistry by this group. The Lener's set (Columbia No. 50) dates back to the Centennial. It is not only overshadowed and outmoded by the finer and more expressive reproduction of the Budapest set, but the reading is also eclipsed by the latter group's more intensively and eloquently accomplished one. The set by the Prisca Quartet (Brunswick-Polydor set 7), even though a more modern recording, can hardly be placed ahead of the Lener set. The performance lacks the inspirational qualities of the Budapest's.

There are three recordings of the *C major*, by the Busch Quartet (Victor set M-171), by the Lener String Quartet (Columbia set 51), and by the Virtuoso Quartet (Victor set M-36). The Busch performance is by far the best, being played with fine finish and balance. Their realization of the varying moods of the music is accomplished with outstanding artistry. The recording, dating three years back, is excellent in every way. Once again the Lener's set suffers through age; but it can be honestly said that the over-refined style of the Leners is less suitable to this music than it is to the Opus 132 and 135 Quartets, in which they recently contributed to the phonograph two of their best performances. The Virtuoso performance lacks requisite dynamic definition in the reproduction, which dates back to the late nineteen-twenties.

We therefore recommend to the reader who wants to own the most definitive performances of the Rasoumowsky Quartets available on records, the Roth String Quartet's exposition of the *F major*, in Columbia album 256, the Budapest String Quartet's

reading of the *E minor*, in Victor set M-340, and the Busch Quartet's performance of the *C major*, in Victor album M-171. It may be that some of us would prefer to have all three performances from one ensemble, but this seems to us unessential to the complete enjoyment of the music, in consideration of the fact that justice has been done to the three already.

Overtones

THE Mozart Opera Society scheduled for release the end of April a complete recording of Mozart's *Die Zauberflöte*. The recording was made in Beethoven Hall in Berlin with the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham. The set will include four volumes, comprising in all eighteen and a half records. The singers engaged for this performance include Tiana Lemnitz, Erna Berger, Hilda Scheppan, Elfriede Marherr, Helge Roswange, Wilhelm Strienz, Walter Grossman, Ernst Fabbry and Gerhard Hüsch.

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Furtwängler is evidently engaged in re-recording for the Electrola Gesellschaft (German HMV) some of the works that he did for Polydor a number of years ago. His latest releases include Wagner's *Prelude and Liebestod from Tristan* and Mozart's *Eine kleine Nachtmusik*.

Weingartner, turning his attention from Beethoven to Brahms, has recorded the latter's *Fourth Symphony* for Columbia. This was made with the London Symphony Orchestra.

Speaking of the latter organization, Neville d'Essterre writes us from London: "The old London Symphony Orchestra has come fully into its own, and is now a better orchestra than Beecham's London Philharmonic, at least that is my opinion." The re-advent of this orchestra on records should indeed prove welcome if this is true.

There was a time when all great prima donnas, tenor and others, were allowed to record the most popular arias over and over again. Today, it is the conductor's turn. Each of the most famous is now recording the most popular shorter orchestral pieces, and in some cases the most popular symphonies. In line with this comes a new recording of Sibelius' *Finlandia* played by the

(Kindly turn to Page 10)

The Gramophone and Musical History

A MOST STARTLING CHANGE

By NEVILLE d'ESTERRE

THOSE of us who can recollect the closing years of the nineteenth century were rather younger than they are now. For my own part, I was passing through that awkward phase of life when a person of the male gender is often called a "youth." But I was also beginning to take an intelligent interest in music, with a special predilection for Gounod and Grieg, and a definite prejudice in favor of certain contemporary performers. Among the pianists, for example, I preferred Leonard Borwick to anybody else: my reason being the very insufficient and invidious one, that he looked like an English gentleman, while most of the others were what I was apt to describe as "greasy foreigners." The singers of my choice were Andrew Black, among the men, and, among the women, Agnes Nicholls, whom we have come to know more recently as the wife of that excellent musician, Sir Hamilton Harty. I had my favorites also among the violinists and the players of other instruments, and my second and third favorites as well; and of the soundness of my own judgments (they were impressions, but I took them for judgments) I had not a shadow of doubt.

The Youthful Oracle

These enactments of my dawning intelligence were seldom called in question by others of my own age. It may have been because my family boasted a professional musician of some celebrity; but, at any rate, my contemporaries seemed to regard me as a sort of oracle in these matters. Youths and maidens sat, as it were, at my feet, and hung upon my lips, as Doctor Chasuble upon the lips of Miss Prism; and I had no objection to their doing so—especially the maidens. We were all in the process of finding our feet, and no harm was done to anybody by the questionable conclusions on which we took our stand. Taste is ultimately deep-rooted in individual character; but initially it needs a certain fillip, in the form of a persuasive hint or two, to start it in a rational way on its voyage of discovery. The voice of author-

ity had administered the necessary fillip to me; and that, I suppose, is why I was so ready to lay down the law at the age of sixteen.

The young, as I say, accepted my *obiter dicta*, as wisdom bottled in the vaults of eternal truth; but the old cared nothing for the vicarious lustre of my antecedents, and treated my judgments with contempt. My Borwick and my Black were dismissed from the face of the earth by the disdainful snorts of my elders, who would ask me, in a most aggressive way, if by any chance I had ever heard Liszt, or Anton Rubinstein, or Winkelman, or Sainton, or Jenny Lind. My only defence lay in the weak plea that these artists were before my time, to which the usual retort would be: "To think of comparing any of these modern people with Jenny Lind or Franz Liszt! As well might you attempt to compare Herkomer with Velasquez, or Pinero with Shakespeare! Liszt was worth all your Borwicks and Paderewskis and Busonis put together, and as for the divine Jenny—!"

Silence A Refuge

There, of course, was an end of argument. Even to the raw intelligence of a youth of sixteen, the absurdity of criticising the performances of the long defunct was perfectly obvious. I had heard Agnes Nicholls; I had not heard Jenny Lind. And, when a formidable old gentleman told me that the art of Jenny Lind was to the art of the other as Westminster Abbey to the Lambeth gas works, there was nothing for it but to take refuge in silence, only hoping (vainly as a rule) that the patriarch would not attempt to reproduce the art of Jenny Lind for my particular benefit.

At the present day I am one of the elderly, or getting on to be that way; and, when some bright youth comes trumpeting to me about his Rethbergs, and his Serkins, and his Menuhins, I find it hard to resist a fierce temptation to be stupidly unreasonable, and I would like to exclaim. "Serkin! Menuhin! Pooh, my boy! Very well for the present day, I

daresay; but you would never breathe their names as great artists if you had heard Melba, and Pachmann, and Sarasate." You see, it would be quite useless to try that sort of stuff on a modern youth; for he would promptly reply: "But I have heard Melba, and Pachmann, and Sarasate. I have their records on my gramophone, and I hear them almost every day. And, it is just because I am so familiar with them that I know they cannot hold a candle to Rethberg, and Serkin, and Menuhin." The names are taken at random, and others may be substituted; but that is undoubtedly the way the argument would go.

Surely this is an additional cause for all that is undoubtedly the way the argument of us, old or young, to be grateful to the disc and the gramophone needle! A hundred years hence the citizens of whatever is then the hub of civilisation and culture will know the art of Toscanini, and Beecham, and Elisabeth Schumann, and Walter Gieseking, as well as they know that of their own coevals. And of what immense assistance this fact will be to the critics of music and the compilers of its history! When you come to think of it, this is almost the greatest revolution that has happened in the whole course of the development of music; or, at all events, as great as that which was brought about by the printing of musical notation. This preserving of sound: we are only just awakening to the enormous significance of it!

There intrudes itself, however, another and less agreeable reflection. If the art of these modern artists is preserved by this means, that of the equally great, or even greater, artists of the past is lost beyond recall. Nobody will ever hear again the music of Mozart and Wagner conducted by Hans Richter, or Anton Rubinstein playing the *Appassionata*, or Franz Liszt delivering his own original thunders. The voices of Schröder-Devrient and Jenny Lind have passed into the great silence, and no-one may ever know exactly how Chopin played his own compositions, or what it was to hear the Matthew Passion conducted by Mendelssohn, or how Beethoven improvised in his C Minor Concerto, when the orchestra stood silent for the cadenza. Nothing can bring these things back; they have gone with the speaking voices of Chatham, and Danton, and Lincoln, and the sound of the old horse traffic in London and New York.

I heard Caruso on the gramophone the other day. There is no living tenor to compare with him. But I wish I could hear Edward Lloyd and Jean de Reszke as well.

OVERTONES

(Continued from Page 8) —

London Philharmonic Orchestra under the direction of Sir Thomas Beecham.

Bruno Walter has recorded for HMV the *Adagietto* from Mahler's *Fifth Symphony*, which Mengelberg made some years ago for Odeon. The recording was made with the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra (HMV No. DB3406).

With the same orchestra Walter has also made Haydn's *Military Symphony* (HMV DB3421-3). This latter is indeed gratifying news, because the only existent set of this symphony is poorly played and recorded.

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Szigeti, continuing his unusual contributions to the phonograph, has recorded Tartini's *Concerto in D minor* (Columbia LX710-711).

Simon Goldberg and Lili Krauss, continuing their Beethoven Sonata Series, have recorded for Parlophone-Odeon Beethoven's last sonata for violin and piano, in G major, Opus 96.

The first recording of Ravel to be issued since his death in December is his celebrated *Piano Concerto for the Left Hand*. It is played by Jacqueline Blancquard and the Paris Philharmonic Orchestra, direction of Charles Münch. Issued by Polydor in France, it is not improbable that domestic Columbia will re-release it here.

Wilhelm Backhaus has been busy in the recording studios again. This time, the noted pianist has turned his attention to Schumann instead of Brahms, and recorded one of Schumann's greatest compositions, the *Fantasia in C major, Opus 17*.

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It is of interest to note that French HMV has recorded a work by B. Martinü, the Bohemian composer, now residing in Paris. Martinü has been called one of the most outstanding contemporary European composers. The work chosen for recording is a *Sonata* for flute, violin, and piano, and is in four movements, an *allegro poco moderato*, an *adagio*, a scherzo, and final *allegro moderato*. It is performed by the Trio Moyse. (HMV discs L1047-8).

Brahms' *Liebesslieder Waltzes, Opus 52*, have been recorded by French HMV, according to the source of our information in the original German. The singers are Mmes. J. de Polignac, I. Kedroff, M. M. H. Cuenod, D. Conrad, with pianists Dinu Lipatti and Nadia Boulanger. (HMV discs DB5057-8-9).

The Library Shelf

FAMOUS SYMPHONIC POEMS IN SCORE.

Edited and devised by Albert E. Wier.
Harcourt, Brace and Company, Price \$5.

HERE we have, as in the case of Mr. Wier's last miniature score volume — *Famous Individual Symphonies*, a veritable phonophile's treasure of musical works, since all the compositions in this volume are recorded and are favorite selections with record buyers. All of these sixteen works belong in a library of symphonic music, for each has established itself with varying degrees of success in the standard repertoire of the symphony orchestra.

In reviewing this volume, we can only repeat ourselves, because we are completely in sympathy with Mr. Wier's arrow system as a means of promoting further appreciation and study of symphonic music. The endorsement of this simplified system of score reading has been universal, and we are given to understand that no less a musical celebrity than Maestro Toscanini has unreservedly approved of it. The arrow system, we may say for those unfamiliar with it, enables anyone able to read ordinary instrumental music to follow the orchestral scores quite easily. Arrows mark the main themes, secondary themes, etc., as they occur in the score, and thus clearly show the reader the important motives as they shift from one group of instruments to another.

There are many arguments for and against following the score. There are those who claim that music is an invisible actuality, and as such should remain a mystery to the listener as far as technique, form and notation are concerned. But since ignorance of any art scarcely aids complete appreciation, we feel this viewpoint is obviously untenable. Familiarity with a score does not detract from our pleasure but decidedly assists in developing it. It clarifies the purpose and extent of the composer's inspiration, and, by acquainting us with the means and methods of his expression, increases our receptivity and enjoyment of the music.

If one accepts the theory that music is a road from desire to happiness, one should want to do everything possible to promote the fullest enjoyment of it. The desire to know music better, to become familiar with

its intricate content, its form and instrumentation can best be realized by following a score — a score such as Mr. Wier has devised with themes, form, etc., simply outlined. Visualizing the paths and by-paths that the composer traverses makes us feel as if we were participating in the performance. It will be admitted by most, we feel certain, that seeing the themes is greatly preferable to reading about them; following them and noting their growth, their submergence one into the other, their repetitions and their alterations. For the eye assists the ear to establish more fully their character and true relationship to each other.

The title of this volume may seem ambiguous to some, for it cannot be honestly said that all the works contained therein are symphonic poems in the strict sense of the term. But it is no ambiguity to state that all are poetical-symphonic works, if not actually in the conventional form; all were inspired by extra-musical stimuli. The sixteen scores included are: Chabrier's *España Rhapsody*; Debussy's *Prelude — L'après-midi d'un faune*; Dukas' *Scherzo — L'Apprenti sorcier*; Liadow's *Enchanted Lake*; Liszt's *Les Préludes*; Moussorgsky's *A Night on Bare Mountain*; Rimsky-Korsakow's *Capriccio Espagnol*; Saint-Saëns' *Danse Macabre*; Scriabin's *Poème de l'extase*; Sibelius' *Swan of Tuonela*; Strauss' three most popular symphonic poems — *Death and Transfiguration*, *Don Juan* and *Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks*; Tschaiakowsky's *Capriccio Italien* and *Romeo and Juliet Overture*; and lastly Stravinsky's *Fantasy — Fireworks*.

Practically all of the French works included have been previously available only in expensive miniature score editions, owing to the fact that they were printed in France and were therefore subject to duty. As a matter of fact, the price of the present volume would have embraced at most three or four of the major scores included, so the actual value of this volume is considerable.

The size of the volume is the same as that of its immediate predecessors, *Wagner Orchestral Excerpts* and *Famous Individual Symphonies* — 10½ x 13¼ inches. Four pages of the miniature score appear, as previously, on each page of the present book,

and, as in the other volumes, a critical note precedes each work, and recommendations of recordings which have found favor with the public are likewise included. There are 352 pages in this volume.

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CHORDS AND DISCORDS: Memories and Musings of an American Musician. By Sam Franko. The Viking Press, New York. 1938. Price \$2.75.

SAM FRANKO was born in New Orleans in 1857. Educated in Germany, he spent most of his life in New York and the musical centers of Europe. He was well known and highly respected as a violinist and a teacher. A pupil of Vieuxtemps and Joachim, his training was of the best. He served as concert master to the Theo. Thomas Orchestra for seven years, toured as a soloist for a number of years, and in 1894 organized the American Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Franko was the first to organize a series of "Concerts of Old Music" (1900-9), in which he introduced for the first time to the New York public the famous Dolmetsch family, and their old instruments. From 1910 to 1915, Mr. Franko was head of the violin department of a noted Berlin Conservatory. From 1915 to his death in 1937, Mr. Franko lived and taught in New York City.

Few of us in the musical world of today were unacquainted with Sam Franko. He was a familiar figure at concerts and among gatherings of musicians until his death. His recollections of famous celebrities at home and abroad were always interesting, and I am certain there are many of us who have heard him set forth many of the delightful anecdotes included in this book. Never prone to exaggerate, his reminiscences here are written in a terse, engaging manner. His criticisms of music and musicians are brightly set forth, and are often revealing and at all times interesting. Franko was a man of the world, as has been stated by the publisher, possessed of a wide culture.

He describes Carlotta Patti, elder sister of Adelina, as "a vocal phenomenon beyond compare . . . who could trill on high D and E in the same breath," but whose lameness prevented a career in opera. His reminiscences of Vieuxtemps and Ysaye include some amusing anecdotes. The book is rich in these. One he tells on August Wilhelmj, the celebrated violinist, may be cited. "Wilhelmj made an unfair use of his infallible intonation," he

says. "When he wanted to buy a violin cheap, he would purposely play out of tune, and would play in tune when he wanted to exchange one of his less valuable violins." The greatest violinists he heard in his lifetime were, in his estimation, Wieniawski and Joachim. "The question as to whether the violinists of the 18th and 19th centuries were superior to those of our time," he says, "is an idle one. It is one that we cannot determine now, since there were no phonograph records at that time." Franko viewed the phonograph as of great value to history, and often stated it was a great pity that Wieniawski and Joachim could not have made records.

His reminiscences are by no means confined to violinists; pianists, conductors, and singers are also discussed. Hans von Bülow, he tells us, "was undoubtedly the conductor whose achievements received an equal amount of praise and censure." Spontini he considered as great a conductor as Toscanini. "Nikisch exercised a magnetic influence upon the orchestra," he tells us. Once Mengelberg criticised Nikisch to Franko, stating that as the famous German conductor grew older he grew slower and slower in the playing time of a symphony. "It took him twenty minutes longer to play it than it took me," Mengelberg is quoted as saying. Whereupon Franko retorted: "But how I enjoyed those twenty minutes." There are many episodes like this sparkingly related.

The book should have a wide appeal among all interested in music.

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NBC SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA BOOK.

Published by the National Broadcasting Company, New York City. Price \$1.00, postpaid.

THE National Broadcasting Company has issued a worthy souvenir book of the NBC Symphony Orchestra for its first year. It contains an introduction by Henrik Willem van Loon on the wonders of broadcasting, of the symphony orchestra, and of Mr. Toscanini; a history of the orchestra itself; and brief biographies of the three principal conductors, Toscanini, Rodzinski, and Monteux; short biographies of the orchestra's personnel; a series of idealized charcoal portraits by Bettina Steinke of the conductors and the men of the orchestra; and some candid camera photographs of conductors and various groups of the personnel in action. In the back of the book, the programs pres-

ented by the orchestra from the dress rehearsal performance of November 2, 1937, to the last program of Mr. Toscanini on March 5, 1938, are included.

This is assuredly a fine memento for all who attended the concerts in Studio 8H in Radio City, and likewise for those who listened at their radios attentively week after week. The book is attractively bound in black cloth with gold lettering and contains 120 pages. It can be procured from the National Broadcasting Company.

—P. H. R.

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THE NEGRO AND HIS MUSIC, by Alaine Locke. Published by The Associates in Negro Folk Education, Washington, D. C. Price 25 cents (142 pages).

THE still meagre library of works on jazz and the position of the Negro in music of America is very gradually being enlarged. This particular book is a definite step in the right direction. Its sponsors describe their work: "This project has grown out of certain stimulating experiments in adult education, conducted for the last four years in Harlem and Atlanta by local Committees, sponsored by the American Association for Adult Education and financed by the Rosenwald Fund and the Carnegie Corporation of New York. For the publication of study materials, the project is now independently incorporated under the laws of Washington, D. C., as a non-profit organization with the objectives of 'influencing a constructive program of adult education among Negroes and of stimulating the study of Negro life and culture by adult education groups in general.' Believing that progressive thinking on the questions of Negro life will best be stimulated by frank discussion and vitalized opinion rather than by over-objective and colorless analysis, the Committee of 'The Associates in Negro Folk Education' has no program or thesis of its own and has placed no restrictions upon its authors."

Their purpose has been admirably accomplished in this book. It is stimulating; it is frank; it is non-technical. The whole field of Negro music and musicians is covered, in all its branches, from the early slave days to the present moment; from the first shouts, spirituals, and work songs, through the various contributions of Negro composers to serious music, to the jazz of today; from the first Negro artists and composers to those of the present day.

The chapters devoted to jazz are particularly interesting even if one does not entirely agree with all that is written. They expose a mind with a fresh point of view, one that has not been nurtured only on the jazz press. They give one something to think about, and not just something easy to read and just as easy to forget. One of the valuable features of these chapters is the thorough bibliography and the references to the many records suggested as illustrations. Each chapter, in fact, is well padded with references — both literary and musical.

The modest price of this book is part of the plan to make this work easily available to many. It is one of a series of works covering the contributions of Negroes to all the arts — painting, literature, history, etc. This one is heartily recommended.

—E. A.

THE BUSONI SOCIETY

A Busoni Society has been formed to stimulate public interest in the works of the great Italian composer, by means of recitals, lectures, lecture-recitals, the translation and dissemination of his literary works, and encouraging the performance of his large works by existing musical organizations. Those interested in the activities and plans of the society may write the secretary, Miss Anne Brock, at 2018 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Michael Zadora, American-born pianist, who was one of Busoni's first pupils and a very close friend, is the active president of the society. Prof. Edward J. Dent, the English musicologist, is the honorary president.

On Wednesday, April 20th, the society gave their first New York recital, at which Michael Zadora and Eduard Steuermann played a group of two-piano compositions by Busoni, including the composer's arrangements of the *Overture to Mozart's The Magic Flute*, of Mozart's *Phantasy for a Clockwork*, and of the same composer's *Duetto concertante*; and Busoni's original works *Improvisation* and *Fantasia Contrappuntista*.

The playing of the two artists admirably set forth the music under hand, and we recommend that other cities make arrangements with them to play this program. It is to be hoped that one of the recording companies will make some arrangements with the Busoni Society to acquire some fine recordings.

Record Notes and Reviews

Reviewers in This Issue: NATHAN BRODER, PAUL GIRARD, PHILIP MILLER,
HENRY S. GERSTLE and PETER HUGH REED

ORCHESTRA

BERNERS: *The Triumph of Neptune* (Ballet Suite); played by the London Philharmonic Orchestra, direction of Sir Thomas Beecham. Columbia set X-92. price \$3.50.

SUBSCRIBERS to the Philharmonic-Symphony concerts in New York may remember this ballet suite which Sir Thomas Beecham conducted here during one of his guest periods in January 1936. They may, it is true, miss three numbers which were played at that time, and they may notice that the order of the selections is different in this recording, but they will enjoy renewing acquaintance with one of the wittiest of modern English works.

Gerald Hugh Tyrwhitt, ninth Baron Berners, has been called the Erik Satie of Great Britain, but this, says Lawrence Gilman, "is probably unjust to Lord Berners: for there is reason to suspect that Gerald Hugh Tyrwhitt's elaborate apparatus of wit and satire is what the new psychology would call a 'defense mechanism,' and that, concealed somewhere in the depths of the ninth Baron Berners, are shameful areas of poetic sensibility." He is, to be sure, more the artist and less the natural jokester than Satie. Technically Berners is no dabbler, though he uses his skill with his tongue in his cheek.

The Triumph of Neptune, a pantomime with a book by Sacheverell Sitwell, was produced in London by Diaghileff's Russian Ballet, December 3, 1926. The plot was thus outlined by the London correspondent of *Musical America*:

"The story is about a Sailor of delightful, wandering habits, and a Journalist, who catch a glimpse of fairyland through a telescope, and decide to visit the place. The ballet corps, representing the populace and the newspaper reporters, are then shown, awaiting news of the great voyage. Rival newspapers, the *Evening Telescope* and the *Evening Microscope*, are eagerly scanned for news of them. But Neptune wrecks the voyagers. Britannia (who is garbed a la music

hall and dances a hornpipe) protects them.

"Meanwhile, at home the Sailor's wife is flirting with a Dandy. The rest of the plot may be briefly summarized as follows: The Sailor, having presentiments that something is wrong at home, returns in spirit to see the two guilty lovers' silhouettes on a window blind. Drawing a jack-knife, he moves menacingly toward his home, but two policemen, suspicious of his movements, seek to arrest him. They grasp only a shadow; the Sailor's spirit is back in fairyland. There tragedy awaits the unhappy Journalist. An Ogre and his creatures seize the adventurers. The Sailor escapes; but the Journalist is sawn in half.

"Meanwhile, in London, an intoxicated Negro upsets and breaks the magic telescope, and all connection with fairyland is severed. Forsaken by his wife, the Sailor decides to make the best of things. Transformed into a prince of fairyland, he weds the sea god's daughter."

Of course the music evokes comparison with such things as Walton's *Facade Suite*, and it has all the wit and burlesque humor of that little masterpiece. Actually, however, it is conceived along different lines: this is not a wholesale borrowing of other people's music (despite the delightful bit where the composer uses the *Last Rose of Summer*) but a satire on various things British achieved by mood and suggestion.

By this time everyone must know the standard which Sir Thomas Beecham has set in his recordings. This conductor is certainly one of the vital forces of music today, and he is responsible for current interest in any number of different types of music. What he has done for Delius is well known, but I suppose it must remain for the future to estimate the debt which English music in general owes to him. It is perhaps because of his complete mastery of the styles of Haydn, Mozart and Handel that he is able to maintain such a sane and healthy balance in modern works. Given the wrong conductor Lord Berners' music might sound rather thin, but in the hands of a Beecham it is thoroughly delightful.

Anyone with a sense of humor will appreciate this set.

—P. M.

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BORODIN: *Prince Igor* — *Dance of the Young Maidens*; and MOUSSORGSKY: *Gopak* (arr. Liadow); played by the London Philharmonic Orchestra, direction of Walter Goehr. Columbia disc No. 69154-D, price \$1.50.

THIS disc adds an up-to-date recording of the *Maidens' Dance* to the wide selection of *Prince Igor* ballet music. It is surely not necessary to speak of the colorful music here. It is important only that the performance is a spirited one and the recording in every way worthy of 1938.

Arranging Moussorgsky seems for a while at least to have been the favorite sport of all other Russian composers. This time we find Liadow effectively trimming up the well-known *Gopak*. The result is rich and impressive, and the impact of Moussorgsky's inspiration is by no means lacking. Mr. Goehr with the London Philharmonic gives a fine spacious performance, and again the recording is first-rate. This is a disc which should find a wide public.

—P. M.

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BRAHMS: *Academic Festival Overture, Op. 80*; played by the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, direction Bruno Walter. Victor disc No. 12190, price \$1.50.

THIS new version of the familiar *Academic Festival* takes precedence over all others, not only from the standpoint of recording but also from that of interpretation. Max Fiedler gave us the last recording, made with the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, a good reading — less heavy-handed than Mengelberg's — but hardly as affectionately or vitally contrived as this new one by Bruno Walter.

The *Academic Festival* wears better than its companion, the *Tragic Overture*. Its lively objectivism and good humor are more real than is the dramatic melancholy of the other work. It won an immediate sympathy with the public when first produced, for in it, as Hadow once noted, men "met old friends, cracked old jokes, recalled old memories." This work, Brahms' acknowledgment to the University of Breslau for conferring upon him an honorary degree, is, according to Niemann, "the half-sad, half-solemn retrospect of a mature man looking back over his own vanished youth and the fun of his glori-

ous student days." One has a feeling that Walter shares that belief, for he feels and establishes its sentimental moments more strongly than did any of his predecessors who recorded the work.

—P. H. R.

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DEBUSSY: *La Damselle élue*; performed by the Padeloup Orchestra, Odette Ricquier and Jeanne Guyla of the Paris Opera, and Women's Chorus, under the direction of Piero Coppola. Victor discs 12055-6.

DEBUSSY: *Printemps-Symphonic Suite*, and *Cloches à travers les feuilles*; played by Paris Conservatory Orchestra, direction Piero Coppola. Victor discs 12058-9. Both in Victor album No. M-363, price \$6.50.

A correspondent has written us asking why we have not reviewed this set of records. He says: "I think it was a fine idea to include these two early Debussy works in an album, and I imagine you had something to do with it . . . Even though you have commented on these works in the pamphlet put out by the sponsors of the discs, why not tell us further about them?" Why not indeed? We seemed to have slipped up on these. But we feel certain that our readers will hardly blame us, for the avalanche of recordings in the past six months has been almost overwhelming.

La Damselle élue is an early work, written when Debussy was but twenty-six. It was during his student days at Rome that Debussy discovered Rosetti's poem, *The Blessed Damozel*, in a French translation, and decided to compose his music. The score was completed upon his return to Paris in 1883.

Lawrence Gilman, writing about this work, tells us that Rosetti imparted to Hall Caine, the novelist, that he got the idea of his poem from Poe's *Raven*. He felt that in that poem Poe had done the "utmost it was possible to do with the grief of the lover on earth," so he determined to reverse the order and "give utterance to the yearning of the loved one in Heaven." There is, as Mr. Gilman states, an imagistic daring to Rosetti's poem, and hence it is not surprising that Debussy was intrigued by its imaginative beauty and its compassionate narration. Debussy has not set the whole poem. He has chosen to omit the lover's verses, and to focus attention instead entirely on the Blessed Damozel, and upon her yearning and her prayers.

Debussy divides the text between a women's chorus, the solo voice of a contralto Nar-

rator, and the Blessed Damsel part which is given to a solo soprano.

The music which Debussy has contrived is not complicated; it is simple and straightforward. Mr. Gilman points out that it is occasionally trite, and yet it "remains an astonishing work, beautiful and affecting at its best, with many premonitions of the later Debussy . . . on almost every page there are signs that announce the arrival of a new and original genius."

The recording can be fully enjoyed, for Victor has provided us with the text of the poem, as used, both in English and in French. The performance, under the guidance of Piero Coppola, is an adroit one. The nuances of the music, its ethereal delicacy, its poetic beauty, and its tenderness are admirably conveyed, and the recording has been realistically accomplished.

Printemps was completed the year before *La Damselle élue*. It was originally planned for orchestra, piano and a wordless chorus. Submitted as a tribute to the Academy which Debussy wished to honor as a Prix de Rome scholar, it was, to the composer's chagrin, refused performance.

The music, breathing of Spring, foreshadows the composer's *Pelléas* and *The Afternoon of a Faun*. The atmosphere of the vernal season is caught and conveyed here in that nuanced, imagistic style which stamps the music of Debussy. Coppola performs the work with style and taste. The recording is excellent.

The orchestral transcription of *Cloches à travers les feuilles*, from the second series of *Images* for piano, gives a more realistic picture of bells sounding through the leaves than Debussy intended. The delicate imagery of this music is not preserved here; one feels that Coppola has changed a lovely tonal painting into a colorful, but less imaginative, photograph.

—P. H. R.

* * *

RUBINSTEIN: *Kammenoi-Ostrow* (orchestrated by Victor Herbert); played by the Boston "Pops" Orchestra, direction of Arthur Fiedler. Victor disc, No. 12191, price \$1.50.

A favorite recording among the lighter orchestral classics in the days of acoustic reproduction was *Kammenoi-Ostrow* played by Victor Herbert's Orchestra. Now Victor attempts to recapture with this new disc the success of its ancestor, calling on the distinguished and almost infallible services of

Mr. Fiedler and his "Pops" Orchestra. These are days of fuller measure than those in which the Herbert recording was made, and so, instead of a coupling we have the work virtually complete on two twelve-inch sides. To be sure a bit of pruning has been done on the end, not to the improvement of the whole effect. I think, because of the abruptness of the finish.

Mr. Fiedler plays the work with healthy sentiment and leisurely breadth. Therefore, those who wish to drink at this particular spring of melody and atmosphere may do so to their hearts' content. They are sure to be pleased by the effective Herbert orchestration and the recording, which is up to the Fiedler standards.

Kammenoi-Ostrow, incidentally, was the name of the palace of the Grand Duchess Helena Paulowna, sister of the Czar, who was a great patroness of the arts and who tided Rubinstein over two trying years when he was establishing his reputation. The composer lived at the palace, which was situated near Petrograd, from 1852 to 1854. Later he wrote a series of twenty-four pieces, which he subtitled portraits, each dedicated to some lady he had known at *Kammenoi-Ostrow*, and each supposed to convey some impression of the lady's character or the circumstances of her friendship with the composer. The famous *Kammenoi-Ostrow* is the twenty-second of the series.

—P. M.

* * *

VAUGHAN WILLIAMS: *Symphony in F minor*; played by the British Broadcasting Company's Symphony Orchestra, direction of the composer. Victor set No. M-440, four discs, price \$6.50.

VAUGHAN WILLIAMS' latest symphony is a powerful and propulsive work, philosophical and severe. Unlike his three previous symphonies, the *Sea*, the *Pastoral* and the *London*, it is unconcerned with a program or the suggestion of one. It is music stimulated by our age, and is, according to some English writers, music of protest against the way the world is going today. One writer describes it as a stern denunciation "of these present times, delivered by a prophet of ancient days."

The intensity of the conflict of this music is tremendous. The music opens with a violence and a sweep that are almost consistently maintained throughout the entire work. The slow movement does not lessen the strain — and for that reason its aspect is curiously unlike that of the regular slow movement of

a symphony. The latter part of the first movement is the only part of the entire score which contains music of serenity.

To place a meaning on this music would be an injustice to the composer. The implication behind the music we have said is one of protest; yet others purport to find more than protest in it. It unquestionably portrays the life of the period in which it was made as that period passed through the mind of the composer. To contend that the score reveals "eternal truths" (as one English writer has stated) which Vaughan Williams, because of his particular type of growth, has discovered, implies that the work owns an inner program. Interpretation of the ways of the human mind in creating music of this character is often misleading. Inevitably, there are people who claim to sense a depth of meaning that others cannot even comprehend. Now, the so-called subconscious mind is unquestionably the crucible of all outer as well as inner manifestations in the artist's life. It is doubtful, however, whether anyone can decipher truly what actually takes place there, the creator included. It is more than likely that the composer wrote this music from an impetus of power and drive, that its formation and growth were occasioned by an inner urge. It is quite evident, judging from the composer's own remark about this symphony, made shortly after he finished it, that he did not consider that he was divulging any especial doctrine. Speaking of the power of the music, he is quoted as saying: "I do not know whether I like it, but this is what I meant." And the power and drive in the music is what he meant. If it conveys anything further, that is a matter of personal response on the part of the listener.

Undoubtedly there will be two opinions about the worth of this work; there have always been about Vaughan Williams' music. Being a staunch admirer of the composer's, we welcome the advent of this symphony on records. We find his growth startling as well as interesting, his confidence here is that of one who has lived and learned, but his stride is that of youth. This is the inevitable paradox of the great artist. The masterly unity of the two previous symphonies is to be found here. The work is not cyclical in the sense that complete melodies recur in the four movements, but it employs two structural elements, "steel girders," as one English writer has termed them, which bind the movements together. The first of these, as the annotations with the set observe, bears resemblance to the famous BACH theme; the second, an ascending passage, is made up of

perfect fourths and a minor third. It may be that some will find the continuity of the music imperceptible at first, but we believe subsequent rehearsals will sustain interest.

Despite the propulsive qualities of this symphony and the heavy scoring, which is almost constantly in evidence from start to finish, there is no tendency towards grandiosity here as in the case of Walton's *Symphony*.

The performance is superbly set forth by the composer, and the recording is excellent.

Assuredly, this is a significant modern contribution to the phonograph, one of a meagre handful of modern symphonies to be found on records. Let us hope that HMV and Victor will bring us a recording before long of one or more of Arnold Bax's symphonies, and perhaps a recording of Vaughan Williams' *Pastoral Symphony*.

We recommend to the reader who is interested in a comprehensive and enlightening discussion of this work, Frank Howes' *The Later Works of Vaughan Williams*, published by the Oxford University Press in their *Musical Pilgrim Series* (price 75c). A miniature score of this work has recently been published by the same firm.

—P. H. R.

* * * * *

WAGNER: *Excerpts from Siegfried* (arranged by Leopold Stokowski); played by the Philadelphia Orchestra, direction Mr. Stokowski. Victor set M-441, five sides, price \$5.50.

HERE we have another album set of "Gems From Wagner," arranged by the ever-controversial Stokowski. This was undoubtedly made a couple of years ago, since the fading-in and fading-out system is employed in the recording. This system, undoubtedly adopted with the idea that it would create greater unity, has proved from the public's standpoint an undesirable one, and has been fortunately dropped in the recordings of the last year or more from the Philadelphia Orchestra.

Of the four sets of excerpts arranged by Mr. Stokowski from *The Ring*, this is, in our estimation, the least interesting. What might have been a very acceptable part of it, the Forest music, is unfortunately recorded so that it cannot be separated from the whole.

The notes to this set are somewhat misleading. They state that the music opens with Act I — *Introduction and Forging of the Sword*, followed by Act 2 — *Siegfried in the Forest*, and this is followed by the music from Act 3 beginning with *Siegfried Mounts the Burn-*

ing Heights and continuing with Brunnhilde's Awakening and Brunnhilde and Siegfried. This is not entirely accurate. These excerpts open with a statement of the Walsung Motive, which is not to be found in the short prelude to the opera, and then skip to the *Forging Song*. None of the introduction, as Wagner wrote it, appears. The opening excerpts occupy the first record side and a small part of the second record face, with a decidedly disagreeable fading-out of the tenor voice in the midst of a descending vocal line. The whole of the *Forging Song* could have been easily included on the first record face. Then follows the familiar *Forest Murmurs* scene, which occupies most of side two, all of side three, and a small part of side four of the recording. This music extends through to the end of Act 2, and is ideally set forth by Mr. Stokowski. A short pause follows the *Forest* music, then come the last twelve pages of the opera, beginning with Siegfried's words — "Dann bist du mir, was bang du mir warst und wirst!" (Then art thou to me what aye thou wert and will be!) This phrase is founded on the World Inheritance Motive. None of the music from the scene where Siegfried mounts the heights or from the scene of Brunnhilde's awakening is included.

As a concert arrangement, this performance would hardly provoke dissension. But as a recorded synthesis it is a badly contrived one. Excerpts from Wagner are welcome in their own right, but not excerpts patched together in an arbitrary succession, which unfortunately is what we have here. True Wagnerites want complete opera recordings, or excerpts complete in themselves.

Listening to these records makes us wish again, as we have often wished in the past, that we might hear Mr. Stokowski conduct Wagner in the opera house. He has a fine feeling for the music, and he inevitably phrases with consideration for the singers. Speaking of the singers, those engaged here are hardly suited to their respective roles. Of the two, Mr. Jagel, the American tenor, acquits himself with better honors than Miss Davis, who proves to be a rather fragile and unarresting Brunnhilde.

As a recording the set is first-rate, perhaps not as thrilling as some of the more recent sets from the Philadelphia Orchestra, but nonetheless compelling. It is truly unfortunate that the arrangement of the music, particularly in the recording, has been so unsatisfactorily contrived.

—P. H. R.

CONCERTOS

TSCHAIKOWSKY: *Piano Concerto in B flat minor, Opus 23*; played by Egon Petri and the London Philharmonic Orchestra, direction of Walter Goehr. Columbia set No. 318, four discs, price \$6.00.

DIFFERENCES in the exposition of a well-known work are more accentuated in recordings than in the concert hall, for comparisons can easily be made and interpretative variations more keenly noted. In the case of an actual performance in the concert hall, one relies on one's memory, which may or may not be trustworthy; moreover, comparison in the concert hall is not apt to be considered as essential as an honest evaluation of the performance of the moment. Such a performance as Petri and Goehr contrive, for example, of Tchaikowsky's *B flat minor Concerto* would be largely judged in the concert hall on its merits. True, the reviewer might remark that so-in-so gives a more fervent reading, and that such-and-such a conductor provides a more dramatic background, but the values set forth at the moment would be the dominant consideration. Therefore, let us consider the present recording in that manner first.

Petri's admirable musicianship is evident here. He plays with fine feeling and phrases with masterly style. And Walter Goehr provides him with a musicianly if somewhat tame orchestral accompaniment. Neither musician apparently feels or admires the Slavic fervor of the music. The drama of the first movement is outlined but not emphasized. Tchaikowsky's steeds are not driven; Goehr holds his reins far too tightly. The second movement, on the other hand, is admirably contrived—Petri does not stress the sentiment, but plays with controlled legato. The playing of the woodwind solos, in the second record side of the first movement, in the *Andantino*, and in the finale is admirably and clearly outlined, more so than in any previous recording.

Goehr's orchestral background definitely lacks resiliency, and his *crescendi* never achieve the fullness essential to a true climax and to the composer's intentions. Turning to Arthur Rubinstein's performance of the concerto, one immediately marks more fervor and fluency. Rubinstein, unquestionably, has the truer feeling for the work, even if he does not restrain the sentimentality of the legato sections. And Barbirolli provides a more vital accompaniment than does Goehr.

Petri and Goehr approach Tchaikowsky almost too seriously. The music is closer to Liszt than to Brahms. The virtuoso elements, the élan, should not be subordinated to structure. Yet, there is much to admire in this performance, and its musical honesty is quite unassailable. However, it remains true that most people expect and want their Tchaikowsky played with more dash and fluency. Yet, because there are others who like different elements in the Russian's music, this recording will undoubtedly establish itself.

From a reproductive standpoint, this set has the edge on all others; but that edge is not by any means a justifiable reason for dismissing a previous reading of this work. For those who do not own the concerto already, we suggest that they hear both this set and the Victor recording before acquiring either. It's all a matter of taste; and justification for one's taste here is not necessary. After all, in consideration of a work so staled by excessive playing, it is more than likely that a new viewpoint may have freshness in it to many.

—P. H. R.

* * * *

VIVALDI-BACH: *Concerto for four pianos and orchestra*; played by Helene Pignari-Salles, Germaine Leroux, Nicole Rolet and Piero Coppola, with orchestra conducted by Gustave Bret; and **BACH:** *Cantata No. 106, God's Time is the Best - Prelude*; played by a Symphony Orchestra conducted by Gustave Bret. Victor set M-366, two discs, price \$3.50.

BACH'S *A minor Concerto* for four pianos and string orchestra is a transcription of Vivaldi's B minor work for four violins and orchestra, the tenth number in his *L'Estro armonico*, Op. 3. Vivaldi was notable rather as a craftsman than as a melodist, and one could hardly claim for this concerto any towering inspiration. It has, nevertheless, no small degree of vitality, particularly in the first and last movements—the *Largo* is little more than an intermezzo—and its brevity is a guarantee that it will not wear out its welcome.

The present performance is the second to reach the wax, and it probably has the advantage of recording over the older Telefunken set, though if memory serves the German artists made a more exciting thing out of the concerto than the French, who do not boast perfect unanimity throughout the work. It would be interesting to hear this music on four harpichords, for the color of the music would then be very different. Certain

distinctly pianistic effects, such as the *crescendo* of which the present artists make so much, would of necessity be missing in the more authentic instrument.

The odd side is given over to the *Prelude* to the sublime *Cantata No. 106*, or *Actus Tragicus, Gottes Zeit ist die allerbeste Zeit*—one of those profoundly moving melodies which are the true essence of Bach. In its original scoring the *Prelude* calls for two flutes, two gambas and continuo, the contrast between the flutes and the lower strings being a particularly striking one. Of course no attempt at archaeological correctness has been made on this disc, but the performance is an acceptable one. The recording here, unfortunately, is weak, yet the music is not such as to be killed by mediocre reproduction.

—P. M.

ENSEMBLE

CRESTON: *Suite for Alto Saxophone and Piano*; played by Cecil Leeson (saxophone) and Paul Creston (piano). N. M. Q. R. No. 1313, price \$2.00.

McBRIDE: *Warm-up for English Horn Alone (Decidedly Alone)* and *Letdown for English Horn and Piano*; played by Robert McBride (English horn) and Paul Creston (piano); coupled with **KERR:** *Etude for Cello (Unaccompanied)*; played by Margaret Auë. N. M. Q. R. No. 1314, price \$2.00.

VARESE: *Octandre*, for flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, horn, trumpet, trombone, and string double-bass, conducted by Nicolas Slonimsky. N. M. Q. R. No. 1411, price \$2.00.

(New Music Quarterly Recordings are distributed by the Cooperative Store, Bennington College, Bennington, Vermont.)

PAUL CRESTON has been cited as one of the younger American composers of promise. His *Suite* for saxophone and piano is a well-made, unpretentious work, revealing a true understanding of and a feeling for the saxophone's tonal qualities and technique. The work is divided into three movements, a scherzo with pert staccato effects, a charmingly lyrical pastoral, and a swiftly moving toccata. It is excellently set forth by Mr. Leeson and the composer.

Such musical moods as Robert McBride indulges in here will appeal mostly to those who are interested in the English horn. The

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Warm-up is alert but inconsequential music, and the *Lakedown* an aptly named piece. Mr. McBride's ingenious *Fugato on a Well-known Theme*, recently recorded by the Boston "Pops" Orchestra, represents his talents in a more auspicious manner than do these short pieces.

Harrison Kerr's music is, according to its sponsors, "a study of various modern, technical, melodic, harmonic and rhythmic devices used in contemporary music and especially those used by" him. It is excellently played by Miss Auë, but after the record was completed it was the lady who claimed our admiration rather than the composition.

Varèse's *Octandre* was used as the final number in Hanya Holm's New York production of her large choreographic work, *Trend*. It is extremely dissonant music, and will not appeal to those who admire music of the old school. Varèse has always been a controversial figure in the field of contemporary music. His music is discordant, strident and raucous. The present work is too strong a dose of cacophony for this listener. It may have meant something with the ballet production, but divorced from the stage proceedings its significance evades us completely. Perhaps we are not as far advanced in modern music as we thought we were!

The above discs, made by Musicraft for the New Music Quarterly Records, are well recorded. The surfaces, although not equal to the best commercial ones, are a considerable improvement over previous record issues by the same sponsors.

—P. G.

* * * * *

MOZART: *Divertimento No. 15 in B flat major, K. 287*; played by Joseph Szigeti and Chamber Orchestra. Columbia Set No. 322, four discs, price \$6.50.

THIS composition was discussed here last month when Victor issued it in a performance by Arthur Fiedler's Sinfonietta. The present version will no doubt appeal to Szigeti fans, but we confess that if we had to choose between the two performances we should probably select the Victor. The elaborate first-violin part lends the work the character of a concerto, and there can be little objection on stylistic grounds to Szigeti's interpretation of it as such. But while Szigeti's tone is more brilliant and sensitive than Burgin's his accompaniment is less vital, and the Columbia horns are weaker than the Victor. The Chamber Orchestra takes the *Adagio* at a slower pace than did the Sinfonietta (the second violins and violas are properly muted

here as they were not in the other set), but the rhythm is lifeless. Szigeti plays the work on the whole very beautifully, but there are passages in the last movement and in the trio of the second minuet where some of the requisite serenity is lacking. The composition is not, after all, a true concerto, and we find the Sinfonietta version a better balanced and sounder interpretation.

The recording, made in domestic Columbia studios, lacks sufficient resonance, and compares unfavorably with Szigeti's recent European recordings.

—N. B.

VIOLIN

CORELLI: *Sonata in E Minor*; played by Ossy Renardy, violin, with piano accompaniment by Leo Taubman. Columbia disc, No. 69152-D, price \$1.50.

ONE of the sensations of the latest concert season was the American debut of the sixteen-year-old Viennese violinist, Ossy Renardy. This record is the first of a series which he made for Columbia in New York this winter. Surprisingly enough we find him choosing material for his recording debut which is designed to show his musical rather than his technical attainments.

This *Sonata* by Arcangelo Corelli is his Op. 5, no. 3, and is here played with the realization of the accompanying figured bass by Alfred Moffat. The *Sonata* consists of four short movements which Mr. Renardy, by omitting repeats, is able to get onto two twelve-inch sides. The young man's feeling for the breadth of the music is more than a little promising for his future development. It would be too much to call his grasp of the classic style mature, but his playing is along the right lines. His main danger is in one of his assets—his tone is an unusually beautiful one. The intensity of his vibrato now gives a certain life to his playing, but he must be careful that it does not run away with him. With proper attention to such matters as this Mr. Renardy should certainly take his place as one of our very best fiddlers. Meanwhile his first recording is far more than a chance to hear the latest prodigy play his piece.

The piano accompaniment of Leo Taubman is good though a little modest, and the recording is clear and lifelike.

—P. M.

DEBUSSY: *Minstrels* (No. 12 from *First Book of Preludes*); and SPALDING: *Wind in the pines—Prelude*; played by Albert Spalding, violin, with piano accompaniment by André Benoist. Victor ten-inch disc, No. 1831, price \$1.50.

TWO characteristic Spalding encores, the one an original work of the violinist, and the other a transcription (I do not know whose) of one of the *Preludes* of Debussy, whose influence is not altogether absent from Mr. Spalding's style of composition. All considerations of purism aside, I do not feel that the Debussy transcription is a pronounced success, for neither the light jauntiness of the original, nor its whimsical humor translates very happily into the terms of the violin. The sliding effect of the frequent grace notes is exaggerated by the finer glissando of the fiddle, and Mr. Spalding's playing is not free from a suggestion of labor.

The Wind in the Pines is a descriptive number of obvious intent and appeal. Mr. Spalding is here more at home in setting forth its message. The balance with the piano is better than in previous releases, and the Spalding tone is successfully caught.

—P. M.

GUITAR

CAMPION: *Air, Sonatina; Gigue*; and *Fugue*; played by Julio Martinez Oyanguren. Columbia disc No. 17110D, 10-inch, price \$1.00.

OYANGUREN is an exceptionally gifted guitar player. He has a suavity and a spontaneity that are truly fascinating, and a technical assurance that is never obtrusive. The evenness of his playing, the lights and shades he obtains, make his recordings enjoyable in repetition.

The music he plays here is by a famous early 18th-century guitar and lute player. Francois Campion (1680-1748) was proficient on the theorbo and the guitar. The theorbo, a large double-necked lute, was frequently used as an alternative to the harpsichord or organ for the basso continuo or ground bass. Campion was chief theorbist at the Paris Opera from 1703 to 1719. He wrote methods for the theorbo, the lute and the guitar that were widely used in his day, and until a half-dozen years before his death he seems to have been very active as a composer, theorist, and performer.

Whether this music was conceived as a suite or not, we cannot say. The title of the

second piece, *Sonatina*, may be an argument against this idea; and yet the general usage of the term sonatina at this period would not by necessity exclude this movement from a suite. Suffice it to say, the pieces fit together as a suite, and in playing them in a recording they will most naturally form themselves as such in the listener's consciousness. Somewhat Bachian in style, the music owns a classical charm which should win it many friends. The *Sonatina* is particularly effective, and Oyanguren plays it deftly with a neatly turned trill at the final cadence. The final fugue lacks the austerity of Bach but forms an appropriate ending to the group of pieces. The recording is good.

—P. H. R.

HARP

SALZEDO: *Memories of a Clock, Pirouetting Music, Behind the Barracks, and Rocking Horse, On Donkey Back, Rain Drops* (from *Short Stories in Music for Young Harpists*) — played by Carlos Salzedo. Victor disc, No. 14871, price \$2.00.

WHETHER these pieces are intended for teaching or not we have no information. Judged solely from their musical value, they seem extremely light-bodied fare. They deal in whimsical effects, but they have neither the subtle perfection nor the charming naïveté of such music in a similar field as Debussy's *Children's Corner*. Salzedo is well known for his unusual harp technique and instrumental effects. Here, he displays his extraordinary abilities more as performer than as composer. It would be interesting to have recordings from Mr. Salzedo in more important music for the harp. The recording here is good.

—P. G.

KEYBOARD

BABIN: *Etude No. 1*; and RIMSKY-KORSAKOW: *Flight of the Bumblebee* from the opera *The Fairy Tale of Czar Saltan* (arranged by Victor Babin); played by Vitya Vronsky and Victor Babin, piano duo. Victor ten-inch disc, No. 4377, price \$1.00.

THE usual plea that piano teams leave off the recording of transcriptions until the catalogues contain at least some decent representation of the music actually composed in this medium, is again forced from us, though only by one side of the latest contribution of Vronsky and Babin. It would,

however, be a rather fanatical devotee of modern studies in sonority and tricky rhythmic devices who would claim outstanding distinction for the *Etude* of Mr. Babin. I, personally, can only grant it the merit of belonging to the genuine literature and that of novelty.

Of Rimsky-Korsakow's perpetual *Bumble-bee* it need only be said that it is here. For so unpretentious an expression of so simple an idea, this piece has surely had a long and active career. This new version may seem rather heavy-weight for the content of the music, but that will probably not bother anyone who would naturally be attracted by the record.

Both pieces are, of course, well played for what they are, and the recording is full and clear.

—P. M.

* * * *

BACH: *English Suites Nos. 5 and 6* (in *E minor* and in *D minor*); played by Yella Pessl. Victor set M-443, five discs, price \$10.00.

OF all the harpsichordists who have been featured on records, Miss Pessl, to us, is the most satisfying in repetition. She may not have the élan of Landowska, but she has something which is equally as treasurable, an intimacy which makes you feel that she is playing especially for you. Miss Pessl's love of the music she chooses is ever apparent; she quite definitely makes us feel, both in the concert hall and on records, that she is enjoying herself in her performances. The possessor of fine taste, Miss Pessl inevitably employs the various resources of her instrument without exaggeration. Her style does not tend towards ostentation nor towards solidity or pedagogy, but strikes a happy medium. Her linear clarity and resiliency is one of her most enjoyable attributes. And it is because of the legato she maintains in the *Suite in D minor*, that her performance of this work is more attractive than Mr. Wolff's recent recording of it.

Miss Pessl supplies a very interesting booklet here in which she discusses registration for the enlightenment of her listeners. Apparently it was the intention of the recorders to include a picture of the mechanism of her instrument on the front cover of the booklet, for Miss Pessl refers to it at the end of her copy. It is unfortunate that it was omitted.

This is a first complete recording of the *Fifth English Suite*, which is a more austere work than the *Sixth*. To those "who have

assimilated the master's idioms," the late Fuller-Maitland stated, "and who can enter into his deeper moods, the work will always be dear." He points out that the *Prelude* is one of the longest movements in the range of the suites, "as well as one of the hardest to make intelligible to the listener." Miss Pessl, we feel, succeeds in her delineation of this movement, without undue exaggeration of the fugal subject entries. This suite owns an attractive *Sarabande*, plaintive in character, and a *Gigue*, which Fuller-Maitland points out is "a strange but perfectly successful experiment in chromatic treatment."

A description of the *Sixth Suite* was given by Mr. Miller in his review of Wolff's recording of it in the February issue. We refer the reader to that copy.

From the standpoint of recording this set has been ideally accomplished. Miss Pessl has expressed her delight in it to us, and we feel with her that it sets forth her tonal quality, and hence her artistry, in as fine a manner as it has been represented to date on discs.

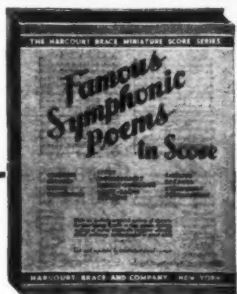
—P. H. R.

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BACH: *Menuet* (arr. Petri); and GLUCK: *Orphée-Mélodie* (arr. Sgambati); played by Egon Petri. Columbia disc, No. 69153-D. Price \$1.50.

MR. PETRI'S name is associated rather with the romantic than the classical age of music, and the reason of this association may be clearly sensed as we listen to these two transcriptions. The Bach *Menuet* is Petri's own arrangement of not one but three little dances which may be found in Vol 36 of the Bach Gesellschaft edition. Though they were originally conceived for the clavier they are scarcely more than recognizable in their elaborate new pianistic garb: indeed there is little more of Bach on this disc than the very charming and gracious melody. This music is, therefore, not properly Bach at all, but a composition of Petri on melodies by the great Johann Sebastian. As such it is a delightful work in the nineteenth-century style, and in that style Mr. Petri plays it very well.

The Gluck *Mélodie* is beyond question one of the world's great tunes, and has been often transcribed for various instruments and combinations. In none of these adaptations, however, does it have the classic purity of Gluck's original flute solo with strings. Sgambati has not attempted to dress it up, but at best the piano is not the ideal medium for such music. And in this performance Petri does as most eminent pianists do—he treats



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 DEBUSSY—"L'après-midi d'un faune"
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 TSCHAIKOWSKY—"Capriccio Italien"
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the melody in *rubato* style, thus reducing again the effect of its eloquent simplicity.

The piano reproduction on this disc is unusually good.

—P. M.

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HAYDN: *Piano Sonata in F Major* (No. 20 in the Peters and Schirmer Editions); played by Arthur Loesser. Friends of Recorded Music record No. 19, price \$1.75.

FOLLOWING on the heels of sonatas by Clementi and Brahms comes this charming effusion played in an entirely satisfying manner by Mr. Loesser. Herein are encountered ten minutes of "just music" of the kind that can be listened to with pleasure under almost any circumstances. It poses no problems for the listener, and demands nothing from him save the attention that one might give a lovely nosegay—its melodies are just as fresh and fragrant.

The *Larghetto*, in F Minor, is wistful and pensive, forming a nice contrast to the end movement. One feels, in this movement, that there is not one note too few or too many. The final *Presto* is full of that characteristically Haydnish jollity without boisterousness. The ending is most original—a little four-bar wisp that ends in a high position, without bass, *pianissimo*.

One can confidently say that this little sonata, while it aims at nothing epoch-making, can be purchased "sound unheard", so universal is its appeal.

—H. S. G.

* * * * *

MOZART: *Sonata in D major, K. 381* (for two pianos); played by Grace Castagnetta and Milton Kaye. Timely records Nos. 1302-03, price \$3.00.

CLEMENTI: *Sonatas Nos. 1 and 2 in B flat major* (for two pianos); played by Grace Castagnetta and Milton Kaye. Timely record No. 1304, price \$1.50.

THE literature for two pianos has been strangely neglected by recorders. Despite the fact that two-piano teams have been engaged for recording, the majority of their contributions to date has been transcriptions rather than original compositions for the medium. One wonders how it is that Victor, who has presented recordings by two well-known piano teams, did not turn to works like these instead of superfluous arrangements of other instrumental music; for this music decidedly owns charm and interest.

There seems to be no end to the melodic fertility of Mozart. Even in those works

where he does not strike deep, such as the present one, he contrives to invent good tunes that are not only ingratiating but enjoyable in repetition. The present sonata has a smoothly flowing opening movement and a sprightly finale, but it is in the tender *Andante* where the Mozart charm is most arrestingly evinced.

Of the various sonatas for two pianos, this one in *D major* is one of the best known, but it is not by any means as fine as the other *D major* one, K. 448.*

The two artists, both already known to records, give a clean-cut performance of the outer movements, somewhat mechanical in spirit, and a graceful exposition of the poetic *Andante*.

Clementi, a contemporary of both Beethoven and Mozart, enjoyed great popularity in his day. We can well believe that this music was admired, for it is both animated and stylistically ingenious. It attests the fertility of the composer's musical mind. There is freshness to this music and a lack of garbidity.

The labels reverse the published order of the sonatas—not that that makes any great difference. The second sonata contains only two movements, a bright and clever *Allegro di molto*, and an *Allegretto* in minuet tempo. From the first sonata only two movements have been recorded, the poetic *Larghetto* and the brilliant finale, the opening *Allegro assai* being omitted. The various movements are developed in an animated manner; the two pianists play them with taste and expression.

The recording has been realistically achieved, and the surfaces of the discs we heard were consistently good.

—P. H. R.

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SCHUMANN: *Fantasiestücke, Opus 12*; played by Harold Bauer. Victor set M-379, four discs, price \$8.00.

IT is probably no exaggeration to say that Harold Bauer is an ideal interpreter of Schumann. We welcome these lyrical pieces, which, as a cycle, have long been overdue on records. The eight pieces are: *Des Abends*, *Aufschwung*, *Warum*, *Grillen*, *In der Nacht*, *Fabel*, *Traumeswirren*, and *Ende vom Lied*.

The three best known of this group are *Aufschwung*, *Warum*, and *Grillen*. All except *Fabel* and *Ende vom Lied* have been previously recorded, but none has been

* Wiener and Doucet, the French piano team, recorded K. 448 recently in Paris for French HMV.

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played on records more expressively than by Mr. Bauer. True, Paderewski recorded *Warum*, but it can hardly be said that his version surpasses the new one. The playing is very similar, perhaps because Bauer was a pupil of the famous Pole.

Although numbered Opus 12, this group of piano pieces was in reality composed the year after Schumann's great *Fantasia in C, Opus 17*. The titles Schumann bestowed upon these pieces fit them on the whole very well. The most impressive piece of the group, *In der Nacht*, was recorded previously by Bauer, but is here set forth even better because of finer recording. The first piece is nocturnal in character; the second one of "soaring aspiration"; the third is an eloquent question. "Whether *Fabel* is a checkered dream we cannot tell," wrote the late Fuller-Maitland, "but *Traumescwirren* certainly is, and it is one of the most beautiful of the series." The final piece has an exultant quality, but the beautiful coda to the whole is more solemn.

We do not hear these pieces played in concert so much today, more's the pity! However, those of us who appreciate their eloquence can acquire this well-recorded set, and, if we are able, play the pieces ourselves upon occasion. There are many moments when music like this is most welcome.

—P. H. R.

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SCHUBERT: *Four Hand Piano Music, Vol. 1* — *Divertissement à la Hongroise; Andantino varié in B minor, Opus 84; Marches in B and G minor, Opus 40, Nos. 3 and 2; Military Marches, Opus 51, Nos. 1, 2, 3; played by Artur Schnabel and Karl Ulrich Schnabel. Victor set M-436, eight discs, price \$16.00.*

SCHUBERT: *Four Hand Piano Music, Vol. 2* — *Rondo in A major, Opus 107; Lebensstürme, Opus 144; played by Artur Schnabel and Karl Ulrich Schnabel. Victor set M-437, four 10-inch discs, price \$6.50.*

THIS music may be fun to play, but it is in our estimation dull stuff on the whole to listen to. By and large, it is mechanically conceived and much too repetitious. The Schnabels play it well enough; perhaps they get more fun out of the playing than we get of listening to them. Yet, after listening to most of the first volume we were more impressed with the fact that they showed no fatigue than we were with their performances, which do nothing to obviate the mechanical aspects of the music. It may be that one or two of the smaller pieces will appeal

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to the ardent Schubertian; they might have appealed to us too, but we made the mistake of taking it all in one dose, and undoubtedly defeated our own enjoyment. It was good to turn to the mighty Schubert of the *C major Quintet*, and the *B flat major Trio*.

As far as recording is concerned, that has been satisfactorily accomplished.

—P. G.

VOCAL

BEETHOVEN: *Ah, Perfido!*, Op. 65; sung by Kirsten Flagstad, soprano, with the Philadelphia Orchestra, direction of Eugene Ormandy. Victor set M-439, two discs, price \$4.00.

THE *scena drammatica*, or concert aria, is a form as yet practically untouched by the recording companies: it is good, therefore, to have this super-magnificent recording of one of the time-honored classics of the literature.

Ah, Perfido! was written for a talented amateur singer, the Contessa di Clari, in the years 1795 and 1796. It was first performed in public by Mme. Josepha Duschek, a Czechish soprano about whose singing many conflicting contemporary reports are still extant. Beethoven is said to have had a great admiration for this lady.

Since at the time of its composition Beethoven was only winning his spurs as a creative musician, it is not surprising to find him working under the salutary influences of Mozart and Gluck. The aria has the broad line and the recitative the dramatic weight which we associate with these masters, and the work remains as a lasting proof that Beethoven was not altogether lacking in the ability to write for the voice.

The *scena* opens with a long recitative in which the singer upbraids her faithless lover, but concludes by declaring that as she has lived for him, for him also will she die. The aria follows, in which she calls upon him for forgiveness in a wonderfully broad and expressive *cantabile*. In the final *Allegro* she asks the gods if such afflictions as hers are not worthy of pity. No one knows where Beethoven found his text. It might have been taken from some old opera libretto. In any case it is sufficient unto itself, and Beethoven has brought it to life.

An interesting point about the score of *Ah, Perfido!* is that the traditional *appoggiaturas* are for the most part written out—which fact would seem to indicate that they were sung in the music of that day and justifies their use in Mozart and Gluck.

No praise for Mme. Flagstad's performance could possibly overrate the magnificence of her conception of this music or of her mastery of the essential classic style. And those who have found this singer cold and lacking in genuine dramatic utterance will have a surprise in store for them. For the first time the recording has succeeded in capturing not only the quality of the voice itself, but its seemingly limitless power and expansiveness. Mr. Ormandy seems to have caught the flame from the singer, and the orchestra provides a broad and noble accompaniment.

—P. M.

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BLITZSTEIN: *The Cradle Will Rock* (A Play in Music); performed by the original cast in the Mercury Theatre Production by Orson Welles, with Marc Blitzstein at the piano. Musicraft album No. 18, seven discs, price \$10.50.

THIS highly interesting and controversial work, unique and unprecedented on records, will be reviewed in our June issue by Mr. William Kozlenko, editor of *One Act Plays*.

—The Editor

* * * *

C. P. E. BACH: *Magnificat*; sung by the University of Pennsylvania Choral Society, with the Philadelphia Orchestra, direction Harl McDonald. Victor Set M-444, two discs, price \$4.50.

THANKS to the recording companies, J. S. Bach's greatest son is rapidly emerging from the category of neglected masters. Here we have Carl Phillip Emanuel's first essay in the field of sacred music, composed in 1749, a year before his father's death. Little is known about the origin of this work. A plausible theory has it that it was written for a competition for the title of chief Kapellmeister to Princess Amalie of Prussia, the sister of Frederick the Great.

According to Victor's notes the present recording is based on a manuscript copy of the score recently re-discovered in Italy—a copy which may or may not be a complete one. The set contains the music to only five of the twelve verses of the *Magnificat*. These five are here arranged as follows: verses 1 and 2 on the first side; verses 9 and 10 on the second side; and verse 5 on the third and fourth sides.

These extracts show the splendid quality of Bach's choral writing, the mastery of counterpoint inherited from his father, and the thoroughly individual melody and har-

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mony. The first side contains a vigorous and stirring movement; the second a contralto solo whose long and lovely phrases are well sustained by the soloist, Elsie MacFarlane; and the second disc a fine, moving chorus. All in all, a first-rate addition to the recorded library of sacred music.

The chorus sings with exemplary balance, good intonation, and a firm, full tone.

—N. B.

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FRANCK: *Nocturne*; *Le Mariage des Roses*; *S'il est un Charmant Gazon*; sung by Georges Thill, tenor, with piano accompaniment by Maurice Faure. Columbia disc, No. 9142-M, price \$1.50.

CESAR FRANCK occupies a prominent place among the French lieder composers. His works in this field are less formalized and less reminiscent of each other than those in purely instrumental forms, though by his familiar use of chromatics his touch is by no means hard to recognize in his songs.

The *Nocturne*, written to a poem of L. de Fourcaud, is an apostrophe to the night—a prayer for peace and rest uttered by one whose life has been a tempestuous one. There have been a number of previous recordings of this song, which, despite the fact that it

is not particularly vocal, has enjoyed considerable popularity. The best, by all odds, was that of Panzéra, in which the Ropartz instrumentation of the accompaniment was used. I find a greater cleanness and definition in the original piano part as played on this new record by Maurice Faure. Thill's singing is perhaps less intense than that of the admirable baritone, but his diction is even easier to follow and his conception of the song is a thoroughly musicianly one.

Le Mariage des Roses is more in the older French song tradition beloved of Gounod and Massenet. The poem is a trifle by Eugène David, treating of a familiar theme: a lover exhorts his mistress to marry in season as do the roses. In *S'il est un Charmant Gazon* the poet (Victor Hugo) likens his love to a garden flooded with sunshine. This song lies somewhere between the types of its two companions, though perhaps a little nearer to *Le Mariage des Roses*.

As a singer of songs M. Thill has the advantage of a voice which is less obviously a tenor than a pure vocal instrument. It is, indeed, rather heavier in quality than most of its kind, but it impresses the hearer more by its expressiveness than by its characteristic sound. And his unflinching taste makes of the

two less imposing of these songs a delightful and memorable experience. The recording is excellent.

—P. M.

* * * *

GOMEZ: *Il Guarany*—*Gentile di cuore* (Act 1), and *Ballata: C'era una volta un principe* (Act 2); sung by Bidu Sayão, soprano, with orchestra conducted by G. Giannetti. Victor disc, No. 11561, price \$1.50.

THE fame of Antonio Carlos Gomez rests principally upon the opera *Il Guarany*, of which the overture at least is familiar to everyone who has been around at all to band concerts and motion picture houses of the more elaborate type. I suppose that it was as a gesture of patriotism that Bidu Sayão, the popular young Brazilian soprano of the Metropolitan Opera, chose two arias from the work of her compatriot for her record debut. The release is new, however, only to the domestic lists, since it has figured in the Victor South American export catalogue for some time. It is only fair to say that it does not carry its age too well, the recording of neither voice nor orchestra being all it would be if it had been made more recently. I imagine, too, that it was made in Brazil, and the orchestra was a small and more or less pick-up affair.

The music of *Il Guarany* not unnaturally shows the influence of Verdi and of such fore-runners as Bellini and Donizetti. There are passages in these two arias which might easily have come from the pen of one of these gentlemen, and phrases which actually did. Of course it is Verdi who receives the most lavish tributes. Gomez was a Brazilian of Portuguese parentage, but he was a thorough Italian in his musical tendencies. The two arias give the singer a real opportunity to show her ability in coloratura, and she manages to impart a certain brilliance to her singing of them without achieving perfect vocal evenness. The voice is a lyric rather than a dazzling one, but it has a good clear top to it and she tosses off *staccato* passages with ease. The medium is warm and sympathetic, sometimes suggesting Muzio in quality. The singer is generally (though not invariably) true to pitch. Altogether this is a record of promise rather than fulfillment, and Miss Sayão could probably better it today.

Gentile di cuore is a light and tripping little number, and the *Ballata* is a not unusual narrative of the prince who could love only a poor maiden.

—P. M.

MAHLER: *Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen*; sung by Kerstin Thorborg, contralto, with the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, direction of Bruno Walter. Columbia ten-inch disc, No. 4201-M, price \$1.00.

WHATEVER the sum of his various virtues and shortcomings, Mahler remains first and last a symphonist. To be sure he wrote a number of effective works for voice and orchestra, but they are more properly symphonic movements (or tone poems, if you will) with a vocal obbligato which explains the various moods of the music. The voice part, though it lacks neither line nor flow, is usually cut into sections, and the orchestra foreshadows rather than mirrors every idea of which the voice sings.

This is true of *Das Lied von der Erde*, and equally so of *Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen*. In fact this song has technically all the features of the longer work, and like *Das Lied von der Erde* is autobiographic in spirit. The poem is by Rückert: "I am lost to the world . . . it has not thought of me for so long that I am really dead to the world . . . I live only in my heaven, in my love, in my song." The work can safely be recommended to anyone who has found beauty in *Das Lied*, or it may serve as a preparation for that cycle.

This recording was made at an actual concert performance in Vienna on May 24th, 1936—the same occasion which saw the preservation of *Das Lied von der Erde*. Naturally, it has the advantages and defects of recent actual performance recordings. It is interesting to know that audiences in Vienna cough just as they do in this country, but it is gratifying that they are more careful than we are in choosing the moment to do so.

Comparing this new disc with an earlier and now obsolete Ultraphon recording made by Mme. Charles Cahier with the Berlin State Opera Orchestra under Meyrowitz, I find a good deal to praise on both sides. Since the Cahier version was complete on one record face the pace was naturally somewhat faster, which worked to the benefit of the vocal phrasing and the smoothness of Mme. Cahier's singing. Owing, of course, to the same cause, the break on the new version comes in a most unfortunate spot—in the middle of a rich orchestral passage. Orchestrally the new disc is to be preferred, as the Vienna players are superior, and the recording brings out the color and balance of the in-

struments to a finer degree. As for the interpretation, Mme. Cahier seems more thoroughly at home in the music than Mme. Thorborg, who does a good musicianly job, but Mr. Walter is more the master of the situation than Mr. Meyrowitz. But this is natural, since both Mme. Cahier and Mr. Walter were close friends of the composer.

—P. M.

NARDI: *I have a garden; Between the Tigris and Euphrates (Songs of the Emek)*; sung by Bracha Zfirah, with piano accompaniment by Nachum Nardi. Columbia ten-inch disc, No. 4199-M, price \$1.00.

BRACHA ZFIRAH and Nachum Nardi have been enjoying considerable success in their recitals of modern Palestinian and other oriental songs. The two presented here are settings by Mr. Nardi of verses by Chaim Bialik, who is said to be the leading poet of present-day Palestine. I must confess ignorance as to the purport of the two songs presented here. And whether the melodies used are genuine old ones or original compositions I am not sure, though I am told that Nardi represents the present musical trend of his people. Mme. Zfirah sings them in a typically chesty voice, and manages the elaborate ornamentation of the songs with apparent spirit and conviction. Her voice will not appeal to lovers of beautiful tone, but it sounds authentically Hebraic, and she and Mr. Nardi work well together. The recording is satisfactory.

—P. M.

NEGRO SONGS: *Dere's a man goin' roun' takin' names* (arr. Brown); *Work all de Summer* (arr. Gellert); *Didn't my Lord deliver Daniel* (arr. Brown); sung by Paul Robeson, bass, with piano accompaniment by Lawrence Brown. Victor ten-inch disc, No. 25809, price 75c.

THERE seems to be no end of Paul Robeson's repertoire of Negro songs. And to every one he brings the same noble voice, the same simplicity and unstudied eloquence.

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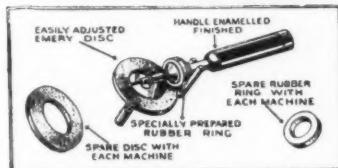
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without ever creating an impression of sameness. This may not be the authentic presentation of the songs, but there is no denying either the effectiveness of the arrangements as he sings them, or the sheer beauty of the sound he makes.

The three songs on this disc are at the same time characteristic and varied. Of *Dere's a man goin' roun' takin' names* Emmet Kennedy says, "It is one of the noblest funeral melodies the Negro singers have produced; its starkness of beauty and tyranny of rhythm are comparable with some of the old Irish threnodies . . ." *Work all Summer* is another doleful strain, not a spiritual but a work song, taken from Lawrence Gellert's collection, *Negro Songs of Protest*. *Didn't my Lord deliver Daniel*, of course, is familiar.

This is a safe record for any admirer of Robeson, or for any who enjoys Negro music in this kind of arrangement. The singer's voice has always recorded especially well, and his long-time accompanist provides a satisfactory background.

—P. M.

* * * *

SCHUMANN: *Liederkreis* (*Song Wreaths - Cycle of Twelve Songs*) Opus 39; sung by Friedrich Schorr with Fritz Kitzinger at the piano. Victor set M-430, four 10-inch discs, price \$6.50.

A HALF DOZEN years ago Victor brought forward a disc (No. 7473) containing Schubert's *Am Meer* and Schumann's *Wanderlied* sung by Mr. Schorr. The wide endorsement accorded this record was assuredly sufficient cause to follow it with others; but, until the issuance of the present album set, it was the sole representation of Mr. Schorr as a lieder singer to be found in the American catalog. When that first disc was made, Mr. Schorr's voice was in its prime. Unfortunately, this cannot be said today. Hence, it is a pity that his artistic singing of Schumann's *Liederkreis* could not have been made when the other disc was.

Despite the fact that Schorr's voice is not what it was, his singing on these records is most impressive. It is an interesting commentary on the recorder's art to note that Schorr's vocal disorganization is less apparent on records than in the concert hall. When we heard him sing this cycle with The New Friends of Music in Town Hall last Fall, his vocalism, despite its splendid artistry, left much to be desired. But here one does not feel that to be so much the case, since the baritone's voice still serves its

master in an eloquent manner. His singing of the twelve songs that make up the *Liederkreis* is indeed accomplished here with rare musical style and true poetical feeling. And his diction leaves nothing to be desired. Add to this the fact that the recording owns the best balance that Victor has accomplished to date between a voice and a piano, and that Mr. Schorr's accompanist is a competent one, and our praise is completed.

Although these songs are not usually associated with a male singer, there is no reason why they should not be done by one, as the poetic sentiments involved are not essentially feminine ones. Yet such songs as *Intermezzo*, *Waldesgesprach*, and especially *Mondnacht* and *Frühlingsnacht*, are better suited to a woman's voice. Schorr does not succeed in conveying the full poetic beauty or delicacy of nuance of either of the last two.

Schumann's *Liederkreis* was composed in February, 1840, the year of his marriage. These twelve songs were a part of 138 that he wrote during that eventful year, when his inspiration found new wings with the thought that his marriage would soon take place. The almost excessive glow and ardor, as well as melancholy, noted in his songs, are particularly evident in this group, which reveals the composer's great love for Clara Wieck (to whom it was dedicated) and reflects his lover's doubts and fears.

Schumann has enriched with his music the poetry of Joseph von Eichendorf, which he selected for these twelve songs. Incidentally, these poems were not intended as a cycle by von Eichendorf, and for this reason *Liederkreis* is not as well-balanced a cycle as *Dichterliebe*, where the poetical sentiment is more closely unified. Schumann's resourceful writing for the piano and his understanding treatment of the vocal line ennoble the poet's thought. Although the songs are not all on the same level, several — *Waldesgesprach*, *Intermezzo*, *Im Walde*, *Auf einer Burg*, and *Frühlingsnacht* — rank among the great masterpieces of the lied.

The booklet accompanying the set describes the poetic sentiments of each song, but does not provide the original German text or an English equivalent. Why this attitude is adopted by Victor with the issuance of lieder albums, in the face of consistent public demand for the words of songs, we cannot comprehend.

—P. H. R.

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SPEECH

JOHN DRINKWATER reading his own poems: *Mystery; Vagabond; Moonlit Apples; Birthright; Costwold Love; Anthony Crumble; Mrs. Willow; Mamble; A Prayer; Immortality; Reciprocity; Gold; Blackbird.* Two Columbia discs, Nos. 11115D-16D, price \$4.00.

IT is a well known fact that composers are by no means always the best interpreters of their own works.. and I suppose that the same holds generally true for poets. But no matter how well or how ill an author may read there will always be a certain fascination and instructive value in his poems as heard in his own voice.

The late John Drinkwater may not have been the all time great poet of England, but his verses have that homely charm and countryside simplicity which are peculiar to the less ambitious and imposing of his literary compatriots. The selection which he made for this recording contains several of unusual appeal, and together they form a pleasant quarter-hour's entertainment. The voice is, of course, very English and quite sympathetic, though he does not declaim with any great degree of naturalness. He is obviously reading poetry throughout the four sides, and the result is interesting rather than convincing.

Columbia is going in for speaking records these days, and filling a real need from a cultural point of view. These two discs must be placed among those whose historical interest and educational value outstrip their charm. I do not know how old the recording is, but it is quite adequate.

—P. M.

* * * *

SHAKESPEARE: *The Tragedy of Julius Caesar* (Phonograph Version by Orson Welles); played by the cast of the Mercury Theatre Production in New York. Columbia set No. 325, five discs, price \$10.00.

THE Mercury Theatre production of *Julius Caesar* was praised as one of the outstanding shows of the 1937-38 theatrical season. Presented in modern dress, the performance was given as a protest against Fascism. Through the use of ingenious lighting, the stage production was made singularly effective. Removed from the theatre and the atmosphere of the stage, the Mercury Theatre production loses a great deal. There is a hard, metallic note to the drama, a lack of sincerity in the characterization, which were not

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apparent when one watched the actors in the modern settings devised for the play.

Shakespeare wrote poetry and not prose, and all great Shakespearean actors have been splendid readers of poetic lines. Maurice Evans, in Columbia's recorded excerpts from *Richard II*, gave a straightforward account of the drama but retained the rhythmic qualities of Shakespearean speech. Now the basic element of speech, as of music, is rhythm, and this Shakespeare knew. It is one thing to remove the "poetry", so to speak, from Shakespeare, and another thing to destroy the rhythmic flow of the lines. The actors here clip off their speeches, suspend sentences in air, break up the rhythm, and completely destroy the subtlety of the Shakespearean writing. Mark Anthony's famous speech emerges here, not as a noble funeral oration, but as a soap-box orator's harangue. The character of Brutus, effectively drawn in the stage production, emerges from the records in a cold, unimpassioned manner, which makes one question Anthony's right to call him "the noblest Roman of them all."

In justification of all this it can be argued that the performance was played in modern clothes, and related to modern times. In the stage production, one did not mind the effect made by some of the protagonists acting like hard-boiled politicians addressing Fourteenth-Street crowds. The whole thing proved an interesting and absorbing experiment. It is scarcely likely, however, that this set will be thought to contain the "multiple educational values—as diction, as drama" that Mr. Miller found in the Maurice Evans records, or that it "will undoubtedly be used extensively in schools."

There may be some who will like this production, and find that it is vivid and vitally presented. There is one thing in its favor: it is neither a stylized nor a dull production. Much is lost, however, in drama via the phonograph. The artificialities of the theatre make it difficult enough to create the illusion of reality or truth, but the limitations of a mechanical device such as the phonograph, which requires a pause every four minutes or so, intensifies that difficulty. The recording here is excellently accomplished.

—P. H. R.

In the Popnlar Vein

By HORACE VAN NORMAN

AAAA—*It Was a Lover and His Lass*, and *Dark Eyes*, Maxine Sullivan with Claude Thornhill and his Orchestra. Victor 25810.

This is the most recent and one of the best recordings by that fabulously successful colored girl, Maxine Sullivan. There is certainly no point in recounting here and at length the story of her rise in six short months or so from almost complete obscurity to a place where she finds herself outselling any other individual vocalist (excepting, of course, the inevitable and unquenchable Bing) and, as we heard very recently, with a shiny new contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. The miracle of a "success story" as glamorous as hers never loses its quality of the slightly unbelievable and all who are able to read, if nothing more than the tabloids or the picture weeklies, must be thoroughly familiar with it.

We would not wish to appear to be denying the charm and distinction of her work when we say that at least a little bit of the credit for her success should go to Claude Thornhill. That very talented pianist and arranger first saw possibilities in her and his delightful arrangements prove a perfect setting for her peculiar vocal methods and tone color. It is difficult to imagine what Maxine will be like without Thornhill's unerring musicianship to lean on. The above record represents one of their more delightful collaborations. *It Was a Lover and his Lass* is, of course, the old Shakespearean song and its choice as a vehicle for Miss Sullivan's extraordinary talents is nothing short of an inspiration. *Dark Eyes*, although less interesting, is also a thoroughly first rate job, and when you know that Rachmaninoff's *Prelude in C Sharp Minor* is used thematically in the arrangement without seeming intolerably banal, you may gain some idea of its unusual qualities.

* * * *

AAAA—*Bewildered*, and *Jezebel*. Tommy Dorsey and his Orchestra. Victor 25795.

These are highly competent performances of tunes that are a little better than average. *Jezebel* is the product of Johnny Mercer and Harry Warren, so it couldn't very well help being a well-made, commercial (in the bet-

ter sense of the word) number. Now that the grand team of Mercer and Dick Whiting has been permanently dissolved by the latter's untimely death, there is no reason why the team of Mercer and Warren shouldn't automatically step to the head of the Hollywood song writers' procession. Yes, I think Warner Brothers have got something there.

* * * *

AAA—*Sissy, and I'm In a Happy Frame of Mind*. Eddy Duchin and his Orchestra. Brunswick 8106.

Since Duchin last appeared on records, some nine months ago, he has gotten him a new band which appears here for the first time on discs. As opposed to the former group, which was strictly a "society" band with all the enervating lack of distinction which the term generally implies, the new outfit is given to a rather mild form of swing, always discreet and never allowed to get out of hand, but swing nevertheless. Duchin's piano work remains unchanged, of course, which will be good news to his old admirers, many of whom may well be alienated by the unaccustomed rambunctiousness of his work, if this is a fair sample of it.

* * * *

AAA—*Rumba and Conga Album*. Vol. 1. Columbia, six 10-inch records. Price \$5.00.

This is apparently the first in an intended series of rumba and conga albums from Columbia, and follows up their excellent Tango Album released last month. With the conga now assuming the popularity held by the rumba for several years, it is a wise idea to present the cream of the current crop in some such collection as this from time to time. All the selections here included are superior examples of their kind, particularly those by Lecuona's Cuban Boys, a group presently working in Paris and presumably under the direction of Ernesto Lecuona, that brilliant Cuban pianist, composer and band leader.

* * * *

AAAA—*Yearning, and 'Deed I Do*. Tommy Dorsey and his Orchestra. Victor 25815.

This is an obvious follow-up on Dorsey's phenomenally successful *Marie* of last year and a darned cute little job it turns out to be, too. The method employed here is quite similar to that which was used in *Marie*, namely, unison rhythm singing by the bandsmen against a straight vocal by Jack Leonard. In this case, however, instead of singing meaningless banalities, they do something which is probably just as meaningless and banal but

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which seems mightily amusing for the first few hearings, anyway; they sing a whole slue of ill-assorted song titles in musical phrases which bear some slight resemblance to the titles at hand. If, from this completely bewildering description on my part, you immediately decide that it is a thoroughly stupid piece of business and neglect to hear it, you will be depriving yourself. I assure you, of one of the major joys of the month.

* * * *

AAAA—*Braggin' In Brass*, and *Carnival in Caroline*. Duke Ellington and his Orchestra. Brunswick 8099.

Here is one of the most amazing records ever issued, a dazzling piece of virtuosity and a further demonstration of the unbounded genius of Duke Ellington. I hasten to add that the above remarks are prompted by *Braggin' In Brass*, not *Carnival in Caroline*. The latter is merely a good Ellington, which is high praise enough, Heaven knows, but the former is a record which I believe to be quite unparalleled. That is, never in the history of swing has an individual choir of a band been given such exciting and wholly incredible things to do as have the brass men in Ellington's superb orchestra on this disc. There are passages here which are virtually impossible, even after you've heard them over and over again. And when, after you've determined that it isn't all being done with mirrors and you really are hearing three trombones play things ordinarily allotted to flutes and clarinets, you decide just what glorified "stagger system" of instrumentation is here utilized, it still remains a matter for amazement that anyone could have thought of it in the first place.

* * * *

AAA—*Dizzy Spells*, by Benny Goodman Quartet, and *Sweet Lorraine*, by Benny Goodman Trio. Victor 25822.

The former is one of the slickest, fastest things that the quartet has ever given us, and that's saying something. There is a technical finish and precision present in recordings of this type by the quartet which, it seems to me, is virtually impossible to duplicate in any other musical group that I know of, whether it be one which is devoted to what is sometimes laughingly known as "serious" music or merely another band or group from a band, like Goodman's. And when, in addition to its technical perfection, you have the slightly demonic quality always present with Lionel Hampton on the vibes, then you have something, indeed.

OTHER CURRENT RECORDINGS

(The following are rated from quality of performance regardless of record quality)

AAA—*A Gypsy Told Me*, and *Bewildered*. Horace Heidt and his Orch. Brunswick 8092.

AAA—*Message from Mars*, and *You've Got to Blow Your Own Trumpet*. Ambrose and his Orch. Decca 1757.

AAA—*Every Tub*, and *Now Will You be Good*. Count Basie and his Orch. Decca 1728.

AAA—*Jezebel*, and *Dominick Swing*. Earl Hines and his Orch. Vocalion 4032.

AAA—*Yancey Special*, and *At the Jazz Band Ball*. Bob Crosby and his Orch. Decca 1747.

AAA—*I Know That You Know*, and *I Never Knew*. Hudson-de Lange Orch. Brunswick 8090.

AAA—*If You Were In My Place*, and *Skrontch*. Duke Ellington and his Orch. Brunswick 8093.

AA—*Sweet Sue*, and *I Got Rhythm*. Chick Webb and his Little Chicks. Decca 1759.

AA—*Swingtime in Honolulu*, and *Carnival in Caroline*. Cootie Williams and his Rag Cutters. Vocalion 4061.

EDITORIAL NOTES

(Continued from Page 1)

An article on Chaliapin, by Mr. Philip Miller, will appear in an early issue.

* * * *

The widening interest in recorded music finds many new periodicals including reviews of the latest issues. The most recent magazine to add a record column is *Time*, the weekly news journal. The addition of this column on records actually offers criticisms first-hand, whereas the magazine's other departments seldom present anything but second-hand criticism.

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Swing Music Notes

By ENZO ARCHETTI

TWO more Swing records have arrived for review: *Lady Be Good* (Gershwin); and *Dicky Wells Blues* (Wells), played by Dicky Wells (trombone), Sam Allen (piano), Roger Chaput (guitar), Bill Beason (drums). Disc SW. 10.

When this record was issued in France, it was hailed, in *Jazz Hot*, as "an event in history . . . because it is the first time that a jazz record entirely of trombone has been made." I seem to remember a Tommy Dorsey record, on American Brunswick, called *Three Moods*, which was also a trombone solo. If my memory serves me rightly, then Dicky Wells hasn't the honor of being the first to record a trombone solo. Or, maybe *Three Moods* is not considered jazz.

But regardless of that, this is a grand record. The *Blues* is easily the better side. Nothing fancy — no introduction, no coda. Just seven straight choruses of blues — the classical blues, pure and simple. The effect is electrifying. The accompaniment is discreet and effective. *Lady Be Good* is less interesting because of its faster tempo. This side becomes practically a display of Dicky Wells' virtuosity. But it proves that Wells can easily be placed along side of Jack Teagarden, Jimmy Harrison, or J. C. Higginbotham and hold his own. A really remarkable record.

Daphné (Reinhart-Grappelly); and *Dinah* (Akst); played by Eddie South and Stephane Grappelly (violin duo) with Django Reinhardt and Roger Chaput (guitars), and Wilson Myers (bass). Disc SW. 12.

The backers of Swing records have been nothing if not original. Imagine thinking of a two-violin, two-guitar, and bass combination for swinging! The result is surprising — and decidedly interesting. Aside from the interest of the compositions, which are very much alike in character and presentation, with *Daphné* leading by a nose because it is not so familiar, the real value of this record lies in the opportunity to hear and compare the styles of two violinists, one White and one Colored, who are considered tops on their own instruments. If anyone is not yet convinced that there is a difference between the White and Colored way of playing, this

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record should prove it to him. On the whole, an exciting swing record which really swings in a subtle way.

While we are on the subject of Swing records, in the previous review I spoke of Teddy Weatherford as a White pianist. My apologies. He is a Negro. And incidentally, he is not coming back to America. The lure of the Orient is still powerful, in spite of war. He has gone back to China.

A new hot jazz club has been formed, complete with specially sponsored recordings and all. The *Jazz Club de Belgique*, which meets in Brussels, is composed of a group of Belgian enthusiasts who are anxious to show the world that they can appreciate the best jazz along with the rest of their confrères throughout the world and sponsor records to prove it. Their bulletin states their intention to issue records, about one a month, of the best Belgian jazz artists available as well as by any visiting artists of note. The recordings are being done by Decca. The first release is: *Beyond the Blues* (Webster-Packay); played by Jack Webster and his Orchestra (R. Chantrain, R. Beelaerts, J. Prevost - trumpets; G. Warnant, trombone; Jack Demany, Charles Remue. A. Billen, A. Sagnet - saxes; J. Ouwerx, piano; A. Van Cappellen, guitar; H. Grun, bass; and A. Van Bergen, drums); and *Who's Wrong?* (Packay); played by John Ouwerx, piano, with Guillaume Dirick, drums. Decca record No. L. 65640. This record is available in America through the International Records Agency, Richmond Hill, N. Y.

On May 29th a monster swing concert will be given at Randall's Island Stadium, in New York, sponsored by Martin Block, of Station WNEW, at which there will appear all the jazz artists and orchestras available in New York at that time.

The orchestras whose presence is certain at present are Benny Goodman's and Duke Ellington's. However, nothing definite is promised except that it will be an unusual event — beginning at 11:00 A. M., and continuing until 4:00 P. M., or until they run out of artists. Tickets are available from Martin Block.

Bunny Berigan and his orchestra are now

at the Paradise Restaurant in New York . . . Duke Ellington has a grand show at the Cotton Club. All the music for it is written by him — and there are some grand numbers, some of which have been recorded on Brunswick by his orchestra . . . Bud Freeman and Dave Tough have left Tommy Dorsey and are now with Benny Goodman. Benny Goodman has reorganized his entire orchestra, including a new sax section . . . Gene Krupa left Benny Goodman to form his own band. Personnel: Murray Williams, George Siravo, Vido Musso, Carl Biesacker, saxes; Tom di Carlo, Tom Gossling, Dave Schultze, trumpets; Bruce Squires, Charles McCamish, trombones; Horace Rollins, bass; Ray Biondi, guitar; Milton Raskin, piano; Gene Krupa, drums. Krupa's new orchestra is already under contract to Brunswick. It has recorded seven numbers: *Grandfather's Clock*, *Prelude to a Storm*, *One More Dream*, *Madame Swings It*, *Rhythm Jam*, *I Know That You Know*, and *I'm Feeling High and Happy*, which will be released shortly. The vocals are by Helen Ward . . . The Bud Freeman Trio has recorded four new numbers for Commodore: *At Sundown*, *My Honey's Lovin' Arms*, *Keep Smiling At Trouble*, and an original Freeman composition, tentatively called *I Don't Believe It*. They are due for release around May 1st . . . Harry Jones, that grand swing pianist whose ability has been lauded before in this column, is now playing at the Boulevard Tavern in West New York, New Jersey. The following he is building up seems to indicate a long stay at this spot . . . Victor will shortly issue a special album of Benny Goodman records . . . Melotone and Perfect records are out of the running for good, beginning immediately. It is hoped that the best of the recordings under these labels will be saved and transferred to Vocalion.

In the last month's copy of *Swing Music Notes*, on page 478, a line was left out which altered the meaning of thought. The thought intact should have been as follows: "When one listens to Beethoven's variations for cello and piano on *Bei Männern* or *Ein Mädchen oder Weibchen* from Mozart's *Zauberflöte* does he think of the original meaning of the operatic pieces? Or the significance of the *St. Antoni Chorale* in Brahms' Opus 56a?" It will be noted that after "meaning of" the omission was made. — *The Editor*.



Record Collectors' Corner

By JULIAN MORTON MOSES

FOR some time now, we have been in receipt of a multitude of requests to devote more space in this column to a down-to-earth discussion of what constitutes a collector's item among the seemingly endless array of old records. Bearing in mind that the price which any used article will bring depends, in this field anyway, upon what the buyer will pay and not upon intrinsic value, we shall attempt to outline certain criteria which might well apply though they do not seem to as yet.

A record should thus be valuable if: 1. The singer or the selection or both together represent a certain achievement of musical artistry. Any *Morte d'Otello*, for example, is apt to prove interesting as is any recording of Francesco Tamagno and therefore, even better yet, a combination of both attractions. 2. Too few copies were first printed and now remain to make possible an easy discovery of a copy in satisfying condition. The records of Castellano and Gray will fall into this category though they would hardly pass muster by No. 1 consideration. 3. If a given copy of a sought-after selection is found, in perfect condition, the exact likeness as to label, etc., of one which might have been purchased new over thirty years ago and kept in comparatively unplayed condition ever since.

Once again we must remind you that these are idealistic standards and do not exist in commercial encounters. Only too often, in fact, does a Caruso *Samson*, which meets only one half of one criterion, bring twice as much in price as a Mario Ancona *Andrea Chenier*, which meets all three of them. Instead of launching into tirades against those who sell records and do try to establish qualitative guides for price, we ought rather to inaugurate a campaign of education to teach the facts about phonograph records to an indolently indifferent public. Judging from its recent cooperation, the press should be most willing to assist us in this undertaking.*

* * * *

In line with the above, the business of repressing collectors' items which are valuable from the standpoints of artists, selection and

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rarity has grown up among us. The clubs existing for this purpose have done a praiseworthy job. Naturally, there are differences of opinion on the value of some of the material selected, but this was bound to be the case. Only in the matter of original label are they not able to satisfy every demand and that alone is an esoteric concern at best. On the strength of their good work, they have flourished well to date and will undoubtedly continue to do so. None of their releases has reached us in time for review in this article. Next month we anticipate devoting ourselves entirely to the issues of the various clubs, which have now increased from two to three.

Meanwhile a number of collectors have asked us to aid them in obtaining items not yet released and for which they are unwilling to wait too long. We shall therefore publish each month a list of records upon your recommendations. We shall expect the various organizations to pay some attention to at least a part of our wants and to consider them ahead of those of a less informed group. We shall proceed always with a desire to assist the existing associations.

Our list for this month presents several alluring titles from the group of Victor recordings made by the eminent baritone Mario Ancona (complete list will be found on page 10 of *The Record Collectors' Guide*). First and foremost is the *Andrea Chenier* monologue (No. 88170) mentioned above as satisfying all important criteria of a collectors' item. It is furthermore the only recording of the piece to be found in the whole guide. For a coupling, we shall have either of the Verdi arias from *Ernani* (No. 88062) or from *Ballo in Maschera* (88081). As a 10-inch souvenir of Ancona's great artistry, we highly urge a re-pressing of his *Sogno* from *Otello* (No. 87015) and his *Ah, per sempre* from Bellini's *I Puritani* (No. 87014).

Your criticism, favorable or otherwise, of these suggestions will be appreciated as will your response to the idea of making them at all.

* It is a curious commentary on public appreciation which this business of record collecting has provoked. Public appreciation of records during the acoustical era was governed by the prominence of the celebrity represented. Caruso's records were prime favorites, which brought in the early days large prices. Because of the public interest in artists like Caruso, Amato, Scotti, Farrar, Tetrassini, Journet, etc., more of their records were pressed than of such artists as Ancona, Martin, Renaud, Eames, Gerville-Reache, etc. The result has been that the records pressed in large quantities have not the value to the collector today, by and large, that those pressed in smaller quantities have. The instinct

of collecting seems to be driven mainly by the desire to obtain something that is scarce, rather than something that has truly intrinsic worth. Records that were once considered poor substitutes for others existent have, because they were withdrawn from the catalogs and were thus made scarce, been given new values—not always artistic ones.

Those who write in to us and to Mr. Moses telling us that they have large quantities of Caruso and other celebrity records, which in their day commanded high prices, should ascertain first whether any of these records possess original labels or not. For only those with the original labels, or those which were cut-out of the catalog and hence were not so plentiful, have monetary value today. The reprints are still to be obtained, and of course are still valuable to those interested simply in intrinsic worth, but they do not command a price with the collector.

—The Editor.

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor of The American Music Lover.

Dear Sir:—As European representative of *The Historic Record Society*, I would like to say a few words about what we all now call "The Hurst Row." Let me pick out a few glaring misstatements in Mr. Hurst's letter (November, 1937 issue A.M.L.) which you published, and one also in Mr. Moses' note. Mr. Moses states that Mr. Bauer took over the record lists of American celebrities from his book verbatim. Careful comparison of the two books will conclusively prove that Mr. Bauer did nothing of the sort. The curious fact is that Mr. Bauer did not see Mr. Moses' book until after his *Historical Records* was already printed. Since Mr. Moses' statement was an unjust one, we ask you to correct it.

Let me state that neither I nor any of the other collectors had anything to do with Mr. Hurst's removal from *The Gramophone*. Mrs. Mackenzie has made this clear enough. A touch of humor was provided by Mr. Hurst in his letter to *The American Music Lover* in calling us ultra-nationalists. This is strange indeed, coming from somebody whose whole interest seems to lie in English singers and artists who appeared within the holy walls of Covent Garden, and one who fought for years against the intrusion in his *Collectors' Corner* in *The Gramophone* of any name, however glorious, he did not know or supposed had sung there. Let me give you an instance: when the great French basso Delmas, who created many Wagnerian roles in Paris and was the first Athanael in *Thaïs* (an original de-luxe Fonotipia artist), died, Mr. Hurst did not find it necessary to publish anything about him in his C.C., though I especially asked him to do so. I could cite many others, but will not trespass on the space of your magazine.

Further let me correct a statement made about the Record Convention. I did not write to Mr. Hurst and say this was attended by many collectors. It is not necessary here to repeat the story how Mr. Hurst was excluded, as I explained all this in *The Gramophone*.

Hoping this will settle everything to everybody's satisfaction, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

LEO RIEMANS

Den Haag, Holland. 8th April, 1938.



New York 25/2 1895 *John A. ...*

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Our Radio Dial

(Eastern Daylight Saving Time)

NBC HIGHLIGHTS FOR MAY

Red Network

Sundays—

10:30 A.M.—Music and American Youth
12:00 Noon—NBC Home Symphony
10:30 P.M.—Symphonic Variations

Mondays—

2:45 P.M.—In the Music Room
8:30 P.M.—Voice of Firestone

Tuesdays—

2:30 P.M.—Gen. Fed. of Women's Clubs' Program
7:15 P.M.—Vocal Varieties

Thursdays—

2:00 P.M.—NBC Music Guild
7:15 P.M.—Vocal Varieties

Fridays—

8:00 P.M.—Cities Service Concert
9:00 P.M.—Waltz Time

Saturdays—

10:00 P.M.—NBC-Symphony Orchestra

Blue Network

Sundays—

12:30 P.M.—Radio City Music Hall
2:00 P.M.—RCA Magic Key
3:45 P.M.—William Primrose, violist

Mondays—

2:30 P.M.—U. S. Navy Band
10:00 P.M.—Magnolia Blossoms

Tuesdays—

2:30 P.M.—Music Guild
3:30 P.M.—U. S. Army Band
7:45 P.M.—Vivian Della Chiesa, soprano

Wednesdays—

6:30 P.M.—Alma Kitchell, contralto
9:30 P.M.—Boston "Pops" Orchestra
10:30 P.M.—NBC-Minstrel Show

Thursdays—

9:00 P.M.—Toronto Promenade Symphony
10:30 P.M.—Roy Shields' Encore Music

Fridays—

2:00 P.M.—U. S. Marine Band
7:45 P.M.—Craig Matthews, tenor

Saturdays—

9:00 P.M.—National Barn Dance

COLUMBIA HIGHLIGHTS FOR MAY

CBS Network

Sundays—

9:00 A.M.—From the Organ Loft with Julius Matt-
field
12:30 P.M.—Salt Lake City Tabernacle
3:00 P.M.—Everybody's Music—Howard Barlow.
9:00 P.M.—Ford Sunday Hour

Mondays—

5:00 P.M.—Columbia Concert Hall

Tuesdays—

6:15 P.M.—Hollace Shaw, soprano
9:30 P.M.—Camel Hour — Benny Goodman

Wednesdays—

5:00 P.M.—Columbia Concert Hall
9:00 P.M.—Kostelanetz Orch., with Grace Moore

Thursdays—

3:30 P.M.—U. S. Army Band
10:00 P.M.—Essays in Music

Fridays—

5:30 P.M.—Music for Fun
7:15 P.M.—Hollace Shaw, soprano
8:30 P.M.—Paul Whiteman

Saturdays—

11:00 A.M.—Cincinnati Cons. of Music
5:00 P.M.—Exploring Music
8:00 P.M.—Swing Session
11:30 P.M.—Benny Goodman

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The Gramophone

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